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FOR THE

CHAPEL OF HARROW SCHOOL.

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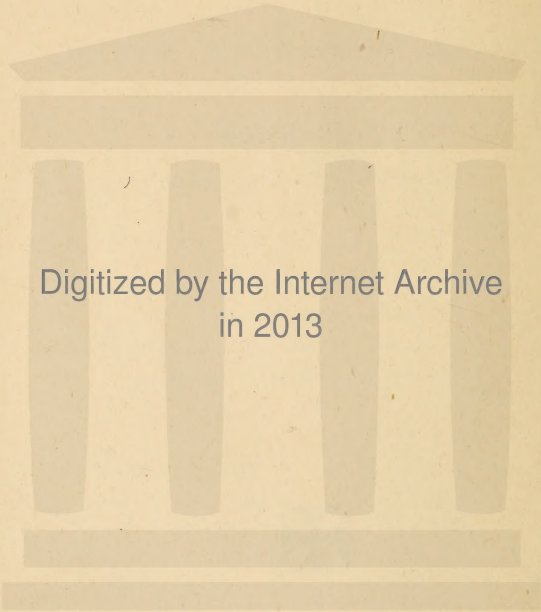
Fourth Edition

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

FIRST EDITION, MDCCCLV.
SECOND EDITION, MDCCCLVII.
THIRD EDITION ENLARGED, MDCCCLXVI.

Harrow:
J. C. WILBEE,
MDCCCLXXXI.



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Μακάριοι οἱ καθαροὶ τῇ καρδίᾳ,
ὅτι αὐτοὶ τὸν Θεὸν ὄψονται.
S. Matt. v. 8.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, Who left the Heavens
Our Life and Peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His Cradle and His Throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

"When He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."
1 *John* iii. 2, 3.

μὴ καθαρῷ γὰρ καθαροῦ ἐφάπτεσθαι
μὴ οὐ θεμιτὸν ᾖ.
Platonis Phaedo.

1.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last :
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

2.

I WAKE, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's will:
O may I never more do ill.

All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

3.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go,
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

4.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to Him Who made this splendour
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the light returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Fettered to the fleeting hours,
All our powers,
Vain and brief, are borne away:
Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,
Onward veering,
To the gulf of death a prey.

May'st thou then on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey:
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
Splendour breathing
Fairer than the fairest day.

Round the gifts His bounty showers,
Walls and towers
Girt with flames thy God shall rear:
Angel legions to defend thee
Shall attend thee,
Hosts whom Satan's self shall fear.

5.

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, draw near;
Day-star, in our hearts appear!

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see;
Till they pour their gladdening light
Through the darkness of our night.

Visit, then, these souls of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill us, O Thou Light Divine;
Scatter all our unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

6.

LORD of our life, Whose tender care
Hath led us on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before Thy throne we bow:
We bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

O may we daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Dead else to all below;
Tread in the path our Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God!

With prayer our humble praise we bring
For mercies day by day;
Lord, teach our hearts Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach us how to pray!
All that we have, and are, to Thee
We offer through eternity.

7.

COME, Thou bright and morning Star,
Light of light, without beginning,
Shine upon us from afar,
That we may be kept from sinning;
Drive away by Thy clear light
Our dark night.

Let Thy grace, like morning dew
Falling upon barren places,
Comfort, quicken, and renew
Our dry souls and dying graces;
Bless Thy flock from Thy rich store
Evermore.

May Thy fervent love destroy
Our cold works, in us awaking
Ardent zeal, and holy joy,
At the purple morn's first breaking;
Let us truly rise, ere yet
Life has set.

Ah! Thou Day-star from on high,
Grant that, at Thy next appearing,
We, who in the grave do lie,
May arise, Thy summons hearing;
And rejoice in our new life,
Far from strife.

Light us to those heavenly spheres,
Sun of Grace, in glory shrouded;
Lead us through this vale of tears,
To the land where days unclouded,
Purest joy, and perfect peace,
Never cease.

8.

MY inmost heart now raises,
In this fair morning hour,
A song of thankful praises
To Thine Almighty power;
And as I have begun
This day, my God, my life shall be
Begun and closed with praise to Thee,
Through Christ, Thy only Son.

For Thou from me hast warded
All perils of the night,
From every harm hast guarded
My soul till morning's light:
Humbly to Thee I cry;
Do Thou in grace the sins forgive
That anger Thee each day I live;
Have mercy, Lord Most High!

And keep me of Thy kindness
From every harm to-day,
Nor let me in my blindness
To Satan fall a prey:
Order my course for me,
And bless whate'er I undertake,
Since I in all my choice would make
As seemeth best to Thee.

9.

IAM lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos servet a nocentibus.

Linguam refrenans temperet,
Ne litis horror insonet;
Visum fovendo contegat,
Ne vanitates hauriat.

Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia;
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas:

Ut, cum dies abscesserit,
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Eiusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

10.

NOW hath arisen the star of day,
And with his rising let us pray,
That we throughout his course be freed
From sinful thought and hurtful deed.

O may the Lord our tongues restrain
From sounding strife, and converse vain;
And from His servants' eyesight hide
The toys of vanity and pride.

May He our inner thoughts make pure,
From sins presumptuous us secure;
Grant us to use such abstinence
As may subdue the things of sense:

That we, when night succeeds to day,
And this bright sun hath passed away,
Unspotted from the world may raise
To God, our Saviour, songs of praise.

11.

UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim:

Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then here to Him our souls we raise
In songs of gratitude and praise.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

12.

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all we think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let us cheerfully fulfil;
In all our works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Give us to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

Fain would we still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given
And run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

13.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And praise with the angelic choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

14.

SUN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

15.

NOW woods their rest are keeping,
Men, cattle, fields are sleeping,
The whole world lies in sleep:
But, O my soul, awaken,
Take heed, with faith unshaken,
Thy great Creator's will to keep.

Now day is past and ended,
And golden stars ascended
Shine forth in yon blue dome:
E'en so shall I, uprisen
From out of earth's sad prison,
At last hear God's voice call me home.

My eyes are drooping slowly,
And soon will close them wholly;
Where shall the soul then dwell?
Do Thou, O God, receive it,
Of all misdeeds relieve it,
Thou light and ward of Israel!

Breathe, loved ones, peace and blessing;
Mischance or aught distressing
Shall not come nigh your head:
Rest, loved ones, sweetly sleeping;
God's hosts their guard are keeping,
And golden arms watch round your bed.

16.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past :
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

O, by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high :
Help us to look to that bright place,
Beyond the sky,

Where light, and love, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain :

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all !

17.

GOD the Father, God the Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Now our hallow'd task is done,
And our prayer is prayed :
Listen, as to Thee we raise
This our thankful hymn of praise,
Ere the sun's declining rays
Deepen into shade.

One, O Lord, we meet to-day,
One in heart and voice to pray,
Soon to bend our peaceful way
Homeward with the sun :
May the bonds of living love
Bind us closer, as we move
Onward to our home above,
When our day is done.

One we meet to pray and sing
Praises to our heavenly King ;
Lord, in this and everything,
Make us one in Thee :
One in heart, and one in mind,
One in fellowship combined,
Seeking good in all to find,
Good in all to see!

One from rise to set of sun,
One, our working day, and one,
When our day of work is done,
In our home above ;
One with those we love the most,
Praising, with the angel-host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in heavenly love !

18.

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned ;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live :

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast ;

Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity !
One Lord Divine !
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine !

19.

FATHER! by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour;
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace:
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine!

Saviour! Thou hast seen to-day
How, like sheep, we've gone astray;
Selfish wishes, thoughts of pride,
Secret sins Thou hast descried:
Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee
Pray that these may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit! ere we sleep,
We with Thee will vigils keep:
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Truest penitence infuse,
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

Blessed Trinity! be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are:
Guard us, till the morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

20.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

21.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal :
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He, Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal :
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

22.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night !
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie !
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high !

23.

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
Wearied we lie down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thy love may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

24.

AS now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.

Lord, on the Cross Thine arms were stretched,
To draw Thy people nigh:
O grant us, then, that Cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run!

25.

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay:
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had:

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee:

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

26.

O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light !

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light !

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light !

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light !

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
O never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared :
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light !

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all:
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O blessed Jesus, be our Light!

27.

O FATHER, Who didst all things make,
That heaven and earth might do Thy will,
Bless us, this night, for Jesus' sake,
And for Thy work preserve us still.

O Son, Who didst redeem mankind,
And set the captive sinner free,
Keep us, this night, with peaceful mind,
That we may safe abide with Thee.

O Holy Ghost, Who by Thy power
The Church elect dost sanctify,
Seal us, this night, and, hour by hour,
These hearts and members purify.

Praise be to Father, praise to Son,
Blest Spirit, equal praise to Thee!
Glory to God, the Three in One!
Glory to God, the One in Three!

28.

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
We pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!

The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!

The toils of day are over;
We raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night!

Be Thou our soul's Preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go:
O loving Jesu, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all!

29.

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray ;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears ;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie ;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

Holy, Blessed Trinity !
Darkness is not dark with Thee ;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

30.

O LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear:
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.

Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.

What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight,
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and Path and all in Thee.

Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near:
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend!
Praise Him through time, till time shall end!
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore!

31.

THE night is come, wherein at last we rest;
God order this and all things for the best!
Beneath His blessing fearless we may lie,
Since He is nigh.

Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away,
O Master, watch o'er us till dawning day:
Body and soul alike from harm defend;
Thine angel send!

Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be;
Let us awake with joy, still close to Thee;
In all serve Thee, in every deed and thought
Thy praise be sought!

Give to the sick, as Thy beloved, sleep,
And help the captive, comfort those who weep;
Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe,
Keep far our foe!

For we have none on whom for help to call,
Save Thee, O God in heaven, Who car'st for all,
And wilt forsake them never, day or night,
Who love Thee right.

Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever!

32.

SERVANTS of God, awake
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

Upon this happy morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bands of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the the fruit of all His love.

All hail! triumphant Lord!
Heaven with Hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain
Through endless years to live and reign!

33.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God!

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill!

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

34.

THIS is the day of light :
Let there be light to-day !
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew !
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill !
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near !
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening Breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

35.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne!

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to the Anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne!

Bless'd be the Lord, Who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's Name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

36.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

37.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

Great Shepherd of Thy faithful few,
Thy former mercies here renew!
Here to our waiting souls proclaim
The glories of Thy saving Name!

Now may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes!

Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:
O rend the heavens, Thyself make known,
And make our sinful hearts Thine own!

38.

POUR down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here ;
Let us receive the engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he, who in Thy Name believes,
Shall live, to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those that love Thy Name :
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free ;
And often since our life had failed,
Unless renewed by Thee.

To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call ;
Our Life and Resurrection Thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all !

39.

LORD ! when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And lift it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
Which grants it, or denies.

When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And lift our souls in praise.

Then, on Thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till love divine transported tell
Thou, God, art Father too !

40.

Psalm xcii.

SWEET is the work, our God and King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No earthly cares shall fill our breast:
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless Him for His works and word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

In that eternal world of joy
Shall every power find sweet employ:
Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desired or wished below.

41.

IN Thy presence we appear;
Lord, we love to worship here:
Here Thy faithful people meet
Thee upon Thy mercy-seat.

While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend:
Hear us when Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes!

While Thy glorious Name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through Thy Name,
In their voices let us own
Jesus speaking from His throne.

42.

O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee!
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace;
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer!

O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode!
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy!

The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love:
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky!

43.

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow!

44.

ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

45.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care!

O God, our Light! to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing!

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell!

46.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise:
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have call'd upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife:
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflicts cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace!

47.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

48.

Psalm c.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

49.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

50.

MY God, and is Thy Table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for us the Victim slain?
Are we forbid the children's bread?

O let Thy Table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive Thy dying Churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford
A Saviour's Blood alone can give.

51.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed!

52.

BREAD of Heaven! on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread.

Lord of Heaven! Thy wounded side
Hath this blessed cup supplied:
Pardon in Thy Cross we see;
May Thy stripes our healing be!

Mighty Saviour! risen Lord!
Day by day Thy strength afford:
Jesus, let us ever be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee!

53.

LO, the feast is spread to-day;
Jesus summons, come away!
From the vanity of life,
From the sounds of mirth or strife,
To the feast by Jesus given,
Come, and taste the Bread of Heaven.

Why, with proud excuse and vain,
Spurn His mercy once again?
From amidst life's social ties,
From the farm and merchandise,
Come, for all is now prepared;
Freely given, be freely shared.

Blessed are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's marriage-feast;
Blessed, who on Him shall feed,
Bread of Life, and drink indeed;
Blessed, for their thirst is o'er;
They shall never hunger more.

54.

O FIRST in sorrow, First in pain,
Thou Lamb of God for sinners slain!
Messiah, Jesus, Lord of Life,
Thou mighty Victor in the strife,
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
Pleading Thy death for sinners now.

Eternal Victim, from Thy side
Thy love did pour a crimson tide;
And still Thy vesture dyed in blood
Gives token of the cleansing flood:
The Lamb for ever slain art Thou,
Pleading Thy death for sinners now.

O Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Thou Sun with healing in Thy wings,
Pour down upon our darkened sight
The brightness of Thy living light:
So may we know Thee, Victim, Priest,
And find Thee in Thy heavenly feast!

55.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee:—

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me!

56.

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear
Before Thy Table kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus would we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine,
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine!

57.

DECK thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness;
Come into the daylight's splendour;
There with joy Thy praises render
Unto Him Whose grace unbounded
Hath this wondrous Banquet founded:
High o'er all the heav'ns He reigneth,
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

Sun, Who all our life dost brighten,
Light, Who dost our souls enlighten,
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all our being floweth,
Now we sink before Thee, lowly,
Fill'd with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty love we ponder.

Jesus, Bread of Life, we pray Thee,
Let us gladly here obey Thee!
Never to our hurt invited,
Be Thy love with love requited:
From this Banquet let us measure,
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure:
Through the gifts Thou here dost give us
As Thy guests in Heaven receive us!

58.

LORD, to whom except to Thee
Shall our wandering spirits go?
Thee, Whom it is light to see,
And eternal life to know?

Awful is that life of Thine
Which the Spirit's breath inspires;
And the food must be divine
Which each new-born soul desires.

Israel on the heavenly seed
Fed and died in days of yore;
But the souls that on Thee feed
Never thirst nor hunger more.

Lord, to whom except to Thee
Shall we go when ills betide?
Who except Thyself can be
Hope and Help and Strength and Guide?

Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
Hear the prayer, and seal the vow?
Who can fill the void within,
Blessed Saviour, who but Thou?

Therefore evermore I give
Laud and praise, my God, to Thee:
Evermore in Thee I live,
Evermore live Thou in me!

59.

FATHER, God, Who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
See Thine own Anointed One,
Look on Thy beloved Son!

Turn from me Thy glorious eyes
To the perfect sacrifice;
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid;

To the Blood that speaks above,
Calling for forgiving love;
To the promise in His death,
Sealed and witnessed here beneath!

60.

GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims through this barren land:
We are weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold us with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of Heaven,
Feed us now and evermore!

Open Thou the living fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our Strength and Shield!

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Bear us through the o'erwhelming torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

61.

SWEET is the Spirit's strain,
Breathed by soft pleadings inly heard,
By all the heart's deep fountains stirred,
By conscience, and the written Word;
Come, wanderers, home again!

The Bride repeats the call;
By high thanksgiving, lowly prayer,
By days of rest, and fostering care,
By holy rites, that all may share,
She whispers, Come! to all.

Let him who hears say, Come!
If thou hast been sin's wretched slave,
If thou art risen from that grave,
Thy sleeping brethren seek to save,
And call the wanderers home.

And let all come, who thirst!
Freely for every child of woe
The streams of living water flow;
And whosoever will, may go
Where healing fountains burst.

There drink, and be at rest;
On Him Who died for thee believe,
The Spirit's quickening grace receive,
No more the God Who seeks thee grieve;
Be holy, and be blest!

62.

"Ye do show the Lord's death till He come."

"TILL He come"—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb:
It is only, "Till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the Cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb
Only whisper, "Till He come."

See the feast of love is spread;
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, "Till He come."

63.

"Ye do show the Lord's death till He come."

BY Christ redeemed, to God restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come.

His Body slain upon the tree,
His Life-Blood, shed for us, we see;
Thus faith shall read the mystery,
Until He come.

And thus His dark betrayal night
With His last Advent we unite
By one bright chain of loving rite,
Until He come:—

Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And, with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

O blessed hope! With this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith and patience, wait
Until He come!

64.

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyelids of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The contrite soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name!

65.

Psalm lxxii.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

66.

WHEN Christ came down on earth of old,
He took our nature poor and low;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

But when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

O Son of God! in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
O Son of Man! so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed;

Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love, and all Thy power,
In that great Day of Judgment save!

67.

HARK! a thrilling Voice is sounding,
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast away the works of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

Startled by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise!
Christ, our Sun, all clouds dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Once the Lamb, so long expected,
Came in great humility:
Once again behold He cometh,
Robed in dreadful majesty!

Hark! a thrilling Voice is sounding,
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast away the works of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

68.

LO! He comes! with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign'!

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the Day of God appear!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour! take Thy power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own!
O come quickly!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone!

69.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let Heaven, Hosanna sing!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour! with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer!
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

So, in the last and dreadful Day,
When earth and Heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again:
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

70.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

O who may dare, just King of kings,
To stand at Thine appearing?
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing:
Beneath His Cross I view the Day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

71.

DIES irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla,
Crucis explicans vexilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante Thronum.

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur
De quo mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tum dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa Tuae viae,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti Crucem passus:
Tantus labor ne sit cassus.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis.

72.

DAY of wrath, O dreadful Day,
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shrivelling like a parched scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David's harp and Sibyl's page.

Day of terror, Day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come!
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the Archangel's trumpet-tone,
Summon all before the Throne.

Then shall nature stand aghast,
Death himself be overcast;
Then, at her Creator's call,
Near and distant, great and small,
Shall the whole Creation rise,
Waiting for the great Assize.

Then the writing shall be read
Which shall judge the quick and dead;
Then the Lord of all our race
Shall appoint to each his place;
Every wrong shall be set right,
Every secret brought to light.

Then, in that tremendous Day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What shall I, the sinner, say?
What shall be the sinner's stay?
When the righteous shrinks for fear,
How shall my frail soul appear?

King of kings, enthroned on high
In Thine awful majesty,
Thou Who of Thy mercy free
Savest those who saved shall be,
In Thy boundless charity,
Fount of Pity, save Thou me !

O remember, Saviour dear,
What the cause that brought Thee here ;
All Thy long and perilous way
Was for me who went astray :
When that day at last is come,
Call, O call the wanderer home !

Thou in search of me didst sit
Weary with the noon-day heat ;
Thou to save my soul hast borne
Cross, and grief, and hate, and scorn :
O, may all that toil and pain
Not be wholly spent in vain !

Righteous Judge, to Whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past :
Lo ! my sighs, my guilt, my shame !
Spare me, for Thine own great Name !

Thou Who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears, and go in peace ;
Thou Who to the dying thief
Spakest pardon and relief ;
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
Even to me, the hope of heaven !

73.

THAT Day of wrath, that dreadful Day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful Day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

O! on that Day, that wrathful Day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

74.

IN the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise,
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear;
Then, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

But, though from that awful Face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, His chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh!

75.

ERE that solemn hour of doom,
When the Son of Man shall come,
Bidding quick and bidding dead
Rise to meet their risen Head;
Church of Jesus, hear the word
Of thine own eternal Lord.

Virgins ten, with joyous feet,
Forth the Bridegroom went to meet:
Wise with heavenly wisdom, five
Kept with oil their lamps alive;
Five, with earth-born folly dim,
Scorned with oil their lamps to trim.

While the Bridegroom yet delayed,
Slumber bowed each virgin head;
Sudden rose the midnight cry,
"Lo! the Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
Leapt to life that virgin train,
Trimmed their dying lamps again.

Vainly now for oil ye cry,
Foolish virgins; hence, and buy!
Fast they speed,—when lo, the door
Closeth on them evermore:
Stern the Voice which stuns each heart,
"Hence, I know you not, depart!"

Church of Jesus, rise and pray!
Dark that hour, and nigh that day:
Woe, ye hypocrites, to you!
Trim, ye saints, your lamps anew!
For the Bridegroom watch and wait:
Jesus Christ is at the gate!

76.

HARK! 'tis the Watchman's cry:
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright:
Wake, brethren, wake!

Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as they that wait
Always at the Bridegroom's gate:
E'en though He tarry late,
Watch, brethren, watch!

Hear we the Saviour's Voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear;
Weakness needs the strong one near:
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray!

Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice Holy is our Lord;
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the angels' songs,
While Heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise?

77.

WAKE ! awake ! for night is flying ;
The watchmen on the heights are crying :
Awake, Jerusalem, at last !
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices :
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past !
The Bridegroom comes, awake !
Your lamps with gladness take ;
Hallelujah !
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing ;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom :
For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious ;
Her Star is risen, her Light is come !
Ah, come, Thou blessed Lord,
O Jesus, living Word,
Hallelujah !
We follow, till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

78.

LO ! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong ;
The Voice that cries
Of Christ from high,
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

Your God e'en now doth stand
At Heaven's opening door ;
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His floor :
The wheat He claims,
And with Him stows,
The chaff He throws
To quenchless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads ;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads :
Make His way plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

May Thy dread Voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom !

79.

MARK the Seer! He cries, "Repentance!
For the Kingdom comes apace:"
Thousands catch each burning sentence,
Thronging to that lonely place.

'Tis the true long-sought Elias,
By the Jordan's holy stream
Ushering in the great Messias,
Who His Israel shall redeem.

Into those swift healing waters,
Hoping thus their sin to end,
Israel's guilty sons and daughters,
Conscience-stricken crowds, descend.

He, the while, Whom they expected,
Meek, unknown, was standing by,
Soon to be by all rejected—
"Crucify Him, crucify!"

Lord, we know Thee, and we love Thee,
Let us not like them be blind:
Countless generations prove Thee
Friend, Redeemer of mankind.

And, as that first call has found us,
Purge us, save us from our sin;
Then set up Thy Kingdom round us,
Set it up, dear Lord, within!

80.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full Atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb!
Redemption in His Blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

81.

BLESSED Lord, Who, till the morning
Of Thine Advent shall appear,
Words of hope hast left, a warning,
Souls to strengthen, guide, and cheer;
Left them written for our learning,
Pointing out the narrow way,
Lest our hearts, with all their yearning
After home, should go astray:

Grant us, in those sacred pages,
Grace to find the gifts untold,
Which for ages upon ages
Did Thy people's hearts uphold:
Grant us, in the sacred story
Of the deeds which Thou hast done,
Grace to catch those gleams of glory
That on saint and martyr shone.

Grant us faithful hearts to linger
O'er the steps which Thou hast trod,
While Thy Cross with silent finger
Points the upward way to God;
With our lamps well trimmed and burning,
Patient through Thy holy Word,
Watching for Thy bright returning,
Waiting for our absent Lord.

82.

O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach Thy gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus! come! return again;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on Thee.

Come, Jesus! come! and, as of yore
The Prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter Day;

So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest there!

83.

THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.

Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side:
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

The whole Creation groans,
And waits to hear the Voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again!

84.

RETURN, and come to God,
Cast all your sins away:
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing Blood;
Repent, believe, obey!

Say not ye cannot come;
For Jesus bled, and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

Say not ye will not come;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call;
And fearful will their end be found
On whom His wrath shall fall.

Come, then, whoever will,
Come, while 'tis called to-day:
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing Blood;
Repent, believe, obey!

85.

A VOICE by Jordan's shore !
A summons stern and clear ;
Reform, be just, and sin no more,
God's judgment draweth near !

A Voice by Galilee,
A holier Voice I hear ;
Love God, thy neighbour love, for see
God's mercy draweth near !

O Voice of Duty ! still
Speak forth ; I hear with awe ;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher Voice of Love !
Yet speak thy word in me ;
Through Duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty !

86.

EARTH is past away and gone,
All her glories every one,
All her pomp is broken down :
God is reigning— God alone !

All her high ones lowly lie,
All her mirth hath passed by,
All her merry-hearted sigh :
God is reigning— God on high !

No more sorrow, no more night ;
Perfect joy, and purest light ;
With His spotless saints and bright
God is reigning in the height !

Blessing, praise, and glory bring,
Offer every holy thing :
Everlasting praises sing !
God is reigning, God our King !

87.

COME, Thou Saviour long expected,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our guilt and fear protected,
We shall find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart!

Born the chains of sin to sever,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring!
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne!

88.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

Can this be He Who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountains cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—"The Lord is come!"

89.

THE Lord is come! On Syrian soil
The Child of poverty and toil;
The Man of Sorrows, born to know
Each varying shade of human woe:
His joy, His glory to fulfil
In earth and Heaven His Father's will;
On lonely mount, by festive board,
On bitter Cross, despised, adored.

The Lord is come! Dull hearts to wake,
He speaks, as never man yet spake,
The truth which makes His servants free,
The royal law of liberty.
Though Heaven and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirits stay,
And from His treasures, new and old,
The eternal mysteries unfold.

The Lord is come! With joy behold
The gracious signs declared of old;
The ear that hears, the eye that sees,
The sick restored to health and ease;
The poor, that from their low estate
Are raised to seek a nobler fate;
The minds with doubt and dread possest,
That find in Him their perfect rest.

The Lord is come! In every heart,
Where truth and mercy claim a part;
In every land, where right is might
And deeds of darkness shun the light;
In every Church, where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above;
In every holy, happy home,
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come!

90.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All Glory be to God on High,
And on the earth be Peace;
Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease!"

91.

IN the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground;
And glimmering under the starlight
The sheep lay white around;
When the Light of the Lord streamed o'er them,
And lo! from the Heaven above
An Angel leaned from the glory,
And sang his song of love:
He sang, that first sweet Christmas,
The song that shall never cease:
"Glory to God in the Highest,
On earth Good-will and Peace!"

"To you in the City of David
A Saviour is born to-day!"
And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
Flashed forth to join the lay.
O never hath sweeter message
Thrilled home to the souls of men,
And the Heavens themselves had never heard
A gladder choir till then:
For they sang that Christmas carol
That never on earth shall cease:
"Glory to God in the Highest,
On earth Good-will and Peace!"

And the shepherds came to the manger,
And gazed on the Holy Child,
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
The Virgin Mother smiled;
And the sky, in the starlight silence,
Seemed full of the angel lay:
"To you in the City of David
A Saviour is born to-day!"
O they sang—and I ween that never
The carol on earth shall cease—
"Glory to God in the Highest,
On earth Good-will and Peace!"

92.

HARK ! the herald-Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled !
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem !
Hark ! the herald-Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King !

Christ by highest Heaven adored,
Christ the Everlasting Lord !
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see !
Hail ! the Incarnate Deity !
Man with man He deigns to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel !
Hark ! the herald-Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King !

Hail ! the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark ! the herald-Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King !

93.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's Birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King!

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Round you shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King!

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King!

94.

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb!
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above,
Glory to God
In the Highest:
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given!
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

95.

HE has come! the Christ of God;
Left for us His glad abode;
Stooping from His throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.

He has come! the Prince of Peace;
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with His Light
All the shadows of our night.

He the mighty King has come!
Making this poor earth His home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load;
Son of David, Son of God!

He has come, Whose Name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us His glad abode;
Son of Mary, Son of God!

Unto us a Child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.

Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own Heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy Peace and holy Love.

96.

O SAVIOUR, Whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe!

Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died!

If, gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell;
Remind us of Thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell!

If, pressed by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
O may the Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was Thine!

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free!
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee!

97.

LORD of Mercy and of Might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesus, hear and save!

Who, when sin's primæval doom
Gave Creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save!

Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of Angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save!

98.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices:
"Christ is born!" their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing!

Hark! a Voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you!"

Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him Who with love is yearning;
Hail the star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

99.

CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born!
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of Angels chanted from above!
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised Word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord!"

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And Heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang:
God's highest Glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men Good Will!

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the blessed Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.

O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind!
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, through lowly toil and pain,
Till man's first heavenly state be ours again!

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to Heaven's Almighty King!

100.

WORD Supreme, before Creation
Born of God eternally,
Who didst will for our salvation
To be born on earth, and die;
Well Thy saints have kept their station,
Watching till Thine hour drew nigh.

Now 'tis come, and faith espies Thee;
Like an eaglet in the morn,
One in steadfast worship eyes Thee,
Thy beloved, Thy latest born:
In Thy glory he descries Thee
Reigning from the tree of scorn.

He first, hoping and believing,
Did beside the grave adore;
Latest he, the warfare leaving,
Landed on the eternal shore;
And his witness we receiving
Own Thee Lord for evermore.

Much he asked in loving wonder,
On Thy bosom leaning, Lord;
In that secret place of thunder,
Answer kind didst Thou accord,
Wisdom for Thy Church to ponder
Till the day of dread award.

Lo! Heaven's doors lift up, revealing
How Thy judgments earthward move;
Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,
Wine-cups from the wrath above;
Yet o'er all a soft Voice stealing—
"Little children, trust and love!"

101.

"LORD, and what shall this man do?"
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this;
Leave it in his Saviour's breast,
Whether, early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

102.

HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee!
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation!

Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall break through them all,
Ere death our conflict closes.

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us;
The world despise, for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us:
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To call us up to Heaven!

103.

GLORY to Thee, O Lord,
Who from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword,
Those precious ones didst win!

Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed Infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call
And reached the quiet land!

O that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright!
O that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight!

Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name!

104.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

105.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star!
Jacob's Star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

Fear not hence that there should flow
Wars or pestilence below:
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there!

There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign;
Deigns for man His life to employ:
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

106.

FROM the Eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a Star.

There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay;
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way;
Evermore to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward,
By that guiding Star.

Thou, Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star!

Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follow Thee,
O'er the distant mountains
To that Heavenly Home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come!

107.

HOW brightly beams the Morning Star!
What sudden radiance from afar
Doth glad us with its shining!
Brightness of God, that breaks our night
And fills the darkened souls with light
Who long for truth were pining!
Thy word, Jesu,
Inly feeds us,
Rightly leads us,
Life bestowing:
Praise, O praise such love o'erflowing!

Thou here my Comfort, there my Crown,
Thou King of Heaven, Who camest down
To dwell as man beside me,
My heart doth praise Thee o'er and o'er;
If Thou art mine, I ask no more,
Be wealth or fame denied me:
Thee I seek now;
None who proves Thee,
None who loves Thee
Finds Thee fail him:
Lord of Life, Thy powers avail him!

O praise to Him Who came to save,
Who conquered death and burst the grave!
Each day new praise resoundeth
To Him the Lamb Who once was slain,
The Friend Whom none shall trust in vain,
Whose grace for aye aboundeth!
Sing, ye Heavens,
Tell the story
Of His glory,
Till His praises
Flood with light earth's darkest places!

108.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding Star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee !

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom Heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat !

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ ! to Thee our Heavenly King !

Holy Jesus ! every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide !

109.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His great, best Name of Love!

110.

LORD of earth! Thy forming hand
Well this glorious frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in its power;
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought;
Friendship, gem transcending price,
Love, a flower from Paradise:
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but Thee?

Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light:
There, in love's unbounded reign,
Parted hands shall meet again;
Martyrs there and Prophets high
Blaze a glorious company,
While immortal music rings
From ten thousand seraph strings:
O! that scene is passing fair:
Yet, shouldst Thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?

Lord of earth and Heaven! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest:
I was lost; Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child:
I was blind; Thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away.
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O! should once Thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or Heaven to me?
What have I in each but Thee?

111.

LORD, when we Creation scan,
What Thy power has done for man,
Then our conscious tongues agree
How much man must owe to Thee.

Every note that cheers the vale,
Every sweet that scents the gale,
Every blooming flower we see,
Tells that joy we owe to Thee.

Every breath that heaves the breast,
Every sound by voice expressed,
Every thought the mind sets free,
Tells that life we owe to Thee.

But, when we Redemption view,
Gaze on all Thy love can do,
Lord, our grateful hearts agree,
How much more we owe to Thee.

When we think what we have been,
Sunk in sorrow, lost in sin,
Now from sin and sorrow free
More than joy we owe to Thee.

When we hear our Master say,
"Death is vanquished, come away;"
Then it is that we must see,
More than life we owe to Thee.

112.

O WORSHIP the King all glorious above!
O gratefully sing His power and His love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned with splendour and girded with praise!

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space:
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

This earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast like a mantle the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how sure to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

113.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield:
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky:
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

114.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia.
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing Alleluia.

And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky Alleluia.

They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell,
Alleluia.

The planets, beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join, and say Alleluia.

Ye clouds that onward sweep!
Ye winds on pinions light!
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep!
Ye lightnings, wildly bright!
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia.

Ye floods and ocean billows!
Ye storms and winter snow!
Ye days of cloudless beauty!
Hoar frost, and summer glow!
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing Alleluia.

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia.

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in Creation's hymn, and cry again Alleluia.

Here let the mountains thunder forth, sonorous,
Alleluia.
There let the valleys sing in gentle chorus, Alleluia.

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia.
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply Alleluia.

To God, Who all Creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid : Alleluia.

This is the strain, the eternal strain,
The Lord Almighty loves : Alleluia.
This is the song, the heavenly song, that
Christ the King approves : Alleluia.

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
Alleluia.
And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia.

Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord !
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore !

Praise be done to the Three in One !
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

115.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame!
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing His praise!

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay!
His praise declare,
Ye Heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air!

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy Name,
By Whose Almighty Word
They all from nothing came:
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast!

116.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

117.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory come from Thee.

Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

So while we gaze, with thoughtful eye,
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to Heaven.

118.

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

119.

THERE was joy in Heaven !
There was joy in Heaven !
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came :
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky—
"Glory to God in Heaven !"

There was joy in Heaven !
There was joy in Heaven !
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in Heaven !

There was joy in Heaven !
There was joy in Heaven !
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem ;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang—"On earth Good Will,
And Glory in the Heaven !"

There is joy in Heaven !
There is joy in Heaven !
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to virtue's way ;
When the soul, by grace subdued,
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then is there joy in Heaven !

120.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

One Name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere!

121.

JERUSALEM, the holy!
Jerusalem, the blest!
From highest Heaven descending
In bridal beauty drest:
Bride of the Lamb! thy glory,
The light of God alone,
Shines through thee clear as crystal,
And like a jasper stone.

Within thee is no temple,
No holy house of prayer;
For the Lord God Almighty
And the Lamb thy temple are:
No need of sun to lighten,
No need of moon to shine;
Thy sunshine is God's glory,
The Lamb thy Light divine.

Jerusalem, the holy!
My spirit longs to be
Within thy walls of jasper,
Thy gates of pearl to see;
And through the sunless city
To walk thy streets of gold,
And in thy moonless beauty
God's glory to behold.

Give me, O Lord, the patience
To labour and endure;
Grant that these eyes may see Thee,
Give me a heart that's pure:
Write Thine own Name upon it,
That, after earth's long strife,
My name may be found written
In the Lamb's book of Life!

122.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And gates of pearl behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
Shall join that glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still longs for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

123.

JERUSALEM the Golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen!

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

124.

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy Name, they weep:
O one, O only mansion,
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy!

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced;
The Saints build up its fabric,
The Corner-stone is Christ!

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest!

125.

BLESSED City, Heavenly Salem,
Peaceful vision dim-descried;
Built of living stones elected,
Built for ever to abide;
Angel-circled, as the Virgins
For the Bridegroom deck the Bride!

Newly bright from Heaven descending,
Robed in bridal raiment meet,
Ready for the heavenly marriage,
Forth she comes her Lord to greet;
Glorious shine her golden bulwarks,
Shines the golden-paved street.

Radiant gleam her pearly portals,
Widely flung each ample door,
Where in marriage-garments glistening
They are entering evermore,
Who the bitter Cross embracing
Christ's reproach in this world bore.

Stern the strokes, the dint was heavy,
Keen the graving of His hand,
Ere each finished stone was planted
As the Master-Builder planned,
Beauteous, changeless, through all ages
In the House of God to stand.

126.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation;
Christ, the Anointed Corner-Stone,
Reaching on to every nation,
Binding both the walls in one,
Sion's joy and strong salvation,
Makes the faithful all His own.

All her halls a royal priesthood
Fills with music gloriously,
Praise of God from saintly voices
Ringing out melodiously,
Heralding with endless joyance
God the One in Persons Three.

Visit, Lord, the earthly temple
Where Thy Presence we implore;
Here receive the rising incense
From the hearts that Thee adore;
Sprinkle here Thy benedictions,
Dews of healing evermore.

Mete Thou here the promised measure,
Running o'er and closely prest,
Foretaste of the eternal pleasure
By the saints in light possest;
There our heart is, there our treasure,
Paradise and Home and Rest.

127.

JERUSALEM, thou City fair and high,
Would God I were in thee!
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly,
It will not stay with me:
Far over vale and mountain,
Far over field and plain,
It hastes to seek its Fountain,
And quit this world of pain.

O happy day, and happy, happy hour,
When wilt thou come at last?
When fearless to my Father's love and power,
Whose promise standeth fast,
My soul I gladly render,
For surely will His hand
Lead it with guidance tender
To Heaven its Fatherland.

And when within that lovely Paradise
At last I safely dwell,
From out my soul what songs of bliss shall rise,
What joy my lips shall tell,
While holy saints are singing
Hosannas o'er and o'er,
Pure Hallelujahs ringing
Around me evermore!

128.

O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art!

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up,
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God, thou art!

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!

129.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail:

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He, Who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

130.

LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Thou one with us on Calvary,
We one with Thee above!

Such was Thy love, that for our sake
Thou didst from Heaven come down;
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee!
The sting, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

Ere long shall come that glorious Day
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That we in Thee are one.

131.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly Love.

Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or Heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly Love.

Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in Heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

132.

LORD of Life, Whose words have taught us
How to serve Thee and obey;
Lord of Love, Whose deeds have brought us
Wondering at Thy feet to pray;
Fill our hearts with ample measure
Of the Christian graces three;
Most of all with Thy dear treasure,
Never-failing Charity.

Charity, that ever bindeth
Mortal men with cords of love;
Charity, that still remindeth
Earthly souls of Heaven above;
Charity, the Spirit's token
Sinners have received of Thee:
He whom Jesus loved hath spoken,
God Himself is Charity.

133.

LOVEST thou not? alas! to thee
Dark is the light that beams above,
And tuneless all Heaven's melody;
Thou know'st not God--for God is love.

Lord, grant me love, in truth and deed,
And not in word and easy tongue;
That love which feels a brother's need,
That love which, injured, suffereth long.

Thou Lord of love, my heart prepare
Ever Thy new command to keep;
Another's joy with joy to share,
And still to weep with them that weep!

134.

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry!
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin:
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in!

We need not to confess our faults,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well:
Therefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek;
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come!

135.

LORD! have mercy when we strive
First to save our souls alive!
When the pampered flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin,
And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale—
O then have mercy, Lord!

Lord! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill;
When all other hope is gone,
When our course is almost done,
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come—
O then have mercy, Lord!

Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant Heaven;
When our darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress,
And our saddened spirits dwell
On the open gates of hell—
O then have mercy, Lord!

136.

JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love or joy or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest:
Christ brings relief to hearts opprest;
O weary sinner, come!

Come leave thy burden at the Cross;
Count all thy gains but worthless dross:
His grace o'erpays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner, come!

Come hither! bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears:
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come!

137.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,)
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

138.

SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony and prayer;
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O from earth to Heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

139.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray:
Turn not Thy suppliants, Lord, away!

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay:
Turn not Thy suppliants, Lord, away!

140.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus! grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face!

141.

O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give:
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more!

O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more Thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Saviour! from on high;
We know no help but Thee:
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in Heaven to be!

142.

O LORD, Thou knowest all the snares
That round our pathway be;
Thou know'st that both our joys and cares
Come between us and Thee;
Thou know'st that our infirmity
In Thee alone is strong:
To Thee for help and strength we fly;
O let us not go wrong!

O bear us up, protect us now
In dark temptation's hour;
For Thou wast born of woman, Thou
Hast felt the tempter's power:
All sinless, Thou canst feel for those
Who strive and suffer long;
But O midst all our cares and woes
Still let us not go wrong!

143.

JESUS, when temptations try us,
And our strength is like to fail,
May the thought that Thou art by us
Give us courage to prevail.

If the foe has striven to enter,
Fought, and turned at last to flee,
Take away our pride, and centre
All our thankfulness on Thee.

If the conflict overtake us,
And we fight and fail to win,
Banish blind despair, and make us
Eager to subdue our sin.

Should we e'er in tame submission
Basely yield without a blow,
May sincere and deep contrition
Testify our shame and woe.

Jesus, Thou hast known temptation,
Thou hast felt its deadly power;
Succour us with Thy salvation,
Aid us in the evil hour!

144.

NOT in anger, mighty God,
Not in anger smite us;
We must perish if Thy rod
Justly should requite us:
We are nought;
Sin hath brought,
Lord, Thy wrath upon us;
Yet have mercy on us!

Show me now a Father's love,
And His tender patience;
Heal my wounded soul, remove
These too sore temptations:
I am weak;
Father, speak
Thou of peace and gladness;
Comfort Thou my sadness!

Father, hymns to Thee we raise,
Here and once in Heaven;
And the Son and Spirit praise,
Who our bonds have riven:
Evermore
We adore
Thee, Whose grace hath stirred us,
And Whose pity heard us!

145.

BLOT out our sins of old,
When erst we went astray,
When, Father, from Thy fold
We wandered far away:
O King of Heaven,
To Thee we cry,
Ere yet we die,
To be forgiven!

In this our hour of need,
In hope we fly to Thee;
Sow in our hearts the seed
Of bright eternity:
O Lord, we pray,
As morning dew
Our strength renew
From day to day!

O God, by day, by night,
We lowly bend the knee;
Again at dawn of light,
In deep humility,
Our voices raise
For sins forgiven,
And hopes of Heaven,
In prayer and praise!

Blot out our sins gone by,
Blot out our sins to-day,
And others ere we die;
And give us, while we pray,
Undying faith
In Christ, to see
The victory
O'er sin and death!

146.

O THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend!
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me!

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with conflict, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me!

When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away,
O say, Thou plead'st for me!

147.

ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling:
Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

148.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the sense of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

149.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean Who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Yet He, Who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

150.

CHRISTIAN ! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian ! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss :
Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross !

Christian ! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian ! never tremble,
Never be down-cast !
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten Fast !

Christian ! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian ! answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray :"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true :
Thou art very weary ;
I was weary too :
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne."

151.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."

Is there Diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of Thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

152.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry:
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own Anointed Son!

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain!
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign!

153.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn from Him to watch and pray!

See Him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned:
See Him meekly bearing all;
Love to man His soul sustained:
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross!

Calvary's mournful mountain view;
There the Lord of Glory see
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursed tree:
"It is finished," hear Him cry;
Trust in Christ, and learn to die!

Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid the breathless clay:
Angels kept their vigils there;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He seeks the skies!
Saviour! teach us so to rise!

154.

THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer:
Through yielding glooms behold His face;
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

Last eve, by those He called His own
Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,
He met His enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

He bears their buffeting and scorn,
Mock homage of the lip, the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, the accursed tree.

No guile within His mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst His murderers He remains.

But hark! He prays—'tis for His foes;
He speaks—'tis comfort to His friends;
Answers—and Paradise bestows;
He bows His head; the conflict ends.

Truly this was the Son of God!
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for Himself—for man He dies.

155.

TO the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
Christ doth impart
The virtue of His midnight Agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good Angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

Mortal, if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think Who did once from Heaven to hell descend,
Thee to befriend:
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

"O Father! not My will, but Thine be done!"
So spake the Son:
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys,
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest!

156.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, Who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks and rending vale,
Earth that trembles at His doom,
Yonder saints who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow!
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, Who is He?
By the last and bitter cry
Of expiring agony,
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead,
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified! we know Thee now!
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do;
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

157.

LORD of my heart, by Thy last cry,
Let not Thy Blood in vain be spent!
Lo! at Thy feet I fainting lie,
Mine eyes upon Thy Cross are bent;
Upon Thy Cross my weary eyes
Wait, like parched lands on April skies.

Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassions, hear!
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear!
Repentance, faith, and pardon give;
O let me turn again, and live!

158.

BY the Cross, in anguish sighing,
Where her Holiest Son hung dying,
Bathed in tears the Mother stood:
Through her heart, with sorrows riven,
Sharp the destined sword was driven,
Sharp beyond her worst forebode.

Father! hear my supplication!
Through Thy Son's most bitter Passion,
In His wounds some part I crave:
Let me by His Cross stand weeping,
Still with Him sad vigil keeping,
On my pathway to the grave!

There, by His blest Mother bending,
Tears with tears so holy blending,
Let me in her anguish share:
Let me, every lust denying,
Feel within my Saviour's dying,
Of His stripes some impress bear!

Jesu! may Thy Cross defend me!
Through Thy death salvation send me,
Shield me with Thy grace and love!
When death severs flesh and spirit,
May my soul, through Thee, inherit
Thy bright Paradise above!

159.

THE night of agony hath passed;
The day of doom hath dawned at last:
With fainting steps His Cross He bears;
Foul taunts and curses meet His ears:
The Lord of Life is crucified;
A felon hangs on either side:
The people stand beholding.

The powers of darkness do their worst—
The nail, the thorn, the torturing thirst:
Black tempests o'er His spirit break,
"My God, My God, dost Thou forsake?"
"'Tis finished!" Lo! He bows His Head;
The Saviour of mankind is dead:
The people stand beholding.

160.

O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays;
Yet Angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life:
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu! all grace supplying,
O turn Thy Face on me!

In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd! think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest!

161.

O SINNER, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning:
Upon the Crucified One look,
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

Look on His Head, that bleeding Head,
With crown of thorns surrounded!
Look on His sacred Hands and Feet,
Which piercing nails have wounded!
See every Limb with scourges rent:
On Him, the Just, the Innocent,
What malice hath abounded!

O sinner, mark! and count the cost
Of Love's Divine oblation!
Hark! to that loud and bitter cry
Of loneliest desolation,
"My God! My God, dost Thou forsake?"
That cup was drained for thy dear sake,
To purchase thy salvation.

162.

CLEFT are the rocks, the earth doth quake,
The slumberers of the grave awake;
The temple's veil is rent in twain;
For Christ, our Sacrifice, is slain,
And bears of sin and death the pain.

The Mighty One, the Son of God,
Hath humbly kissed affliction's rod,
That by His stripes we might be healed,
Our pardon by His Blood be sealed,
And boundless mercy stand revealed.

We all, like sheep, have gone astray,
And turned aside from wisdom's way:
But He hath saved us from our sin;
Our God the ransom-Lamb hath been;
Our God hath saved us from our sin.

O let us cast each vice away,
Which thus the Son of God could slay;
With contrite heart and weeping eye
Behold the Saviour's Cross on high,
And every sin and folly fly.

So may we join the song of love
Which saints and Angels sing above:
All honour, glory, praise to Thee,
Which wast, and art, and art to be,
The Lamb slain from Eternity!

163.

SON of Man! to Thee we cry!
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy Birth,
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be!

Lamb of God! to Thee we cry!
By Thy bitter Agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be!

Prince of Life! to Thee we cry!
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be!

Lord of Glory! God Most High!
Man exalted to the sky!
With Thy love our bosom fill,
Help us to perform Thy will!
Then Thy glory we shall see,
Thou wilt bring us home to Thee.

164.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See, from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

165.

THERE is a Fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying Thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming Love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

166.

WE sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters "God is Love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross! It takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terrors from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light:

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The Angels' theme in heaven above.

To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore!

167.

"TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou would'st My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me."

Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm:
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel:
The Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross in His dear might,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

168.

AT length the worst is o'er, and Thou art laid
Deep in Thy darksome bed;
All still and cold beneath yon dreary stone
Thy sacred Form is gone;
Around those lips where power and mercy hung
The dews of death have clung:
The dull earth o'er Thee, and Thy foes around,
Thou sleep'st a silent Corse, in funeral fetters wound.

169.

RESTING from His work to-day
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene:
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
We would solemn vigil spend:
Let us hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In these hearts Thou callest Thine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will we bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till our Lord appear again.

170.

BY Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore,
Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The Lord, by Whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

O hearts bereaved and sore distrest,
Here is for you a place of rest;
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

So when the Dayspring from on high
Shall chase the night and fill the sky,
Then shall the Lord again draw nigh.

171.

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and fiendish spite;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night:
Yet once more, His own to save,
Christ must sleep within the grave.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish
On the bitter Cross He bore:
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

Close and still the cell that holds Him
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber, such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chaunt His requiem soft and low;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
"Death and hell at length are slain;
"Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign!"

172.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy Day; Hallelujah!
Who did once upon the Cross Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing Hallelujah!
Unto Christ our Heavenly King, Hallelujah!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah!

But the pains which He endured, Hallelujah!
Our salvation have procured: Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah!
Where the Angels ever sing Hallelujah!

173.

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day!"
Sons of men and Angels say:
Raise your note of triumph high;
Sing, ye Heavens, and, earth, reply!

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more!

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save!
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

174.

ALLELUIA!
Finita jam sunt proelia,
Est parta jam victoria.
Gaudeamus et canamus Alleluia!

Post fata mortis barbara
Devicit Jesus Tartara.
Applaudamus et psallamus Alleluia!

Surrexit die tertia
Caelesti clarus gratia.
Insonemus et cantemus Alleluia!

Sunt clausa Stygis ostia,
Et caeli patent atria.
Gaudeamus et canamus Alleluia!

O coronate gloria,
Tua nos morte libera,
Ut vivamus et canamus Alleluia!

175.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done,
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung!
Alleluia!

The powers of Death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst!
Alleluia!

On that third morn He rose again
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain!
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from Heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee!
Alleluia!

176.

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us:
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal:
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us He died!
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving!
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven!
Alleluia!

177.

CALMED each soul, and closed each door
'Gainst the world's unholy din,
Tenant of the tomb no more,
See the Saviour enter in!
Spirit-like behold Him glide
'Midst each saintly, wondering guest,
Show His pierced Hands and Side,
Breathe His peace through every breast!

What though years have rolled away
Since, triumphant from the tomb,
Jesus, at the close of day,
Sought that quiet upper room?
Oft from Sion's heavenly hill
Seeks He yet His faithful few,
Bides with them in spirit still,
Shows each glorious wound anew.

Loving Lord! descend, we pray,
Where Thy true disciples meet!
Many a Magdalene to-day
Fain would her Deliverer greet:
Many a Thomas scarce can dare
Own Thee for his God and Lord:
O descend, and chase each care
With Thine own Almighty Word!

178.

IN the bonds of death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain;
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ hath brought us life again!
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud with cheerful voice,
Hallelujah!

On this Day, most blest of days,
Let us keep high Festival;
For our God hath showed His grace,
And our Sun hath risen on all,
And our hearts rejoice to see
Sin and night before Him flee.
Hallelujah!

To the Supper of the Lord
Gladly will we come to-day;
The word of peace is now restored,
The old leaven is put away;
Christ will be our Food alone;
Faith no life but His doth own!
Hallelujah!

179.

CHRIST is risen ! the Lord is come,
Bursting from the sealed tomb !
Death and hell, in mute dismay,
Render up their mightier Prey !

Christ is risen ! but not alone !
Death, thy kingdom is o'erthrown !
We shall rise, as He hath risen,
From the deep sepulchral prison !

Heirs of death, and sons of clay,
Long in death's dark thrall we lay,
And went down in trembling gloom
To the unawakening tomb.

Heirs of life, and sons of God,
On the path our Captain trod
Now we hope to soar on high
To the everlasting sky !

Mortal once, immortal now,
Our vile bodies off we throw,
Glorious bodies to put on
Round our great Redeemer's throne !

Lofty hopes ! and theirs indeed
Who the Christian's life shall lead ;
Christ's below in faith and love,
Christ's in endless bliss above !

180.

THE happy morn is come!
Triumphant o'er the grave
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save!
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, Who was dead!

Who now accuses them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, Who was dead!

Christ hath the ransom paid!
The glorious work is done!
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won!
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, Who was dead!

Hail! the triumphant Lord!
The Resurrection Thou!
Hail! the Incarnate Word!
Before Thy throne we bow!
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, Who was dead!

181.

LIFT up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!

In vain with stone the cave they barred,
In vain the watch kept ward and guard:
Majestic from the spoiled tomb
In pomp of triumph Christ is come!

He binds in chains the ancient foe,
A countless host He frees from woe;
And Heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

O Victor! aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light!
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die, to rise to God!

182.

THE Lord of Might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His Voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder!

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to Heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger:
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His Blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and Angel-song,
And Hallelujahs loud and long
O'er death and hell defeated!

183.

WHEN two friends on Easter-Day
To Emmaus bent their way,
On that Paschal eventide
Christ was walking at their side.
Then their hearts within them glowed
When Himself to them He showed
In the Scriptures, as a King
Glorified by suffering.

Thou art ever with us, Lord,
Walking in Thy Holy Word;
And Thy Voice, O Saviour dear,
In that Word we ever hear:
What the holy Prophets meant
In the Ancient Testament,
Thou art opening to our view,
Lord! for ever in the New.

And Thy Presence, Lord! we feel
When we at Thy table kneel;
When we feed upon Thee there,
We too at Emmaus are:
Then our eyes are opened
In the breaking of the bread;
Faith Thee ever present sees
In Thy holy mysteries.

Though not kenn'd by carnal eye,
Yet we know Thee ever nigh;
Though Thou art much further gone,
Even to Thy heavenly throne,
Yet we, Lord! behold Thy Face
Ever in Thy means of grace;
There Thou walkest by our side,
There Thou with us dost abide.

184.

HAIL! the Day that sees Him rise, Hallelujah!
Glorious, from our wondering eyes! Hallelujah!
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Hallelujah!
Enters now the highest Heaven. Hallelujah!

There the glorious triumph waits; Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates! Hallelujah!
Victor over death and sin, Hallelujah!
Comes the King of Glory in. Hallelujah!

Lo! the Heaven its Lord receives! Hallelujah!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves: Hallelujah!
Though returning to His throne, Hallelujah!
Still He calls mankind His own. Hallelujah!

185.

GOD is gone up with a merry noise
Of Saints that sing on high;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory!

Now empty are the courts of death,
And crushed thy sting, despair;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there!

And He hath tamed the strength of hell,
And dragged him through the sky,
And captive behind His chariot wheel
He hath bound captivity!

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of Saints that sing on high;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory!

186.

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
In power and might excelling!
The grave and hell are captive led,
Lo! He returns, our glorious Head,
To His eternal dwelling!

The Heavens with joy receive their Lord,
By Saints, by Angel hosts adored;
O Day of exultation!
O earth! adore thy glorious King,
His Rising, His Ascension sing,
With grateful adoration!

Our great High Priest hath gone before,
Now on His Church His grace to pour,
And still His love He giveth:
O may our hearts to Him ascend,
May all within us upward tend
To Him Who ever liveth!

187.

THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest!

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To travel to Thy crown:
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee!

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the armies of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high!

188.

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy Face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
And let Thy grace be given,
That, while we linger yet below,
Our treasure be in Heaven:

That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love, may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee!

189.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
Jesus, the Son of Man, appears.

He, Who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious Blood,
Now high exalted for us pleads,
And with His Father intercedes.

He knows, for He hath borne the same,
The wants and frailty of our frame:
And, though ascended up on high,
Still bends on earth a pitying eye.

Saviour! with boldness to Thy throne
We come to make our sorrows known!
For mercy and for grace we plead,
To help us in the hour of need!

190.

HE is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or Angels' flight;
Through the veil of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest Place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn:
Olivet no more shall greet
With welcome shout His coming feet;
Never shall we track Him more
On Gennesareth's glistening shore;
Never in that look or voice
Shall Zion's hill again rejoice.

He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which He has left,
On this earth of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

He is gone—we heard Him say,
" Good that I should go away."
Gone is that dear Form and Face,
But not gone His present grace:
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
No! His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onwards roll;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forwards are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the Truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the Heaven of Heavens the same
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us will He prepare:
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but, not in vain,
Wait, until He comes again!
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere:
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own eternal Friend
Thitherward let us ascend!

191.

WE saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour! this our sinful earth;
Nor heard Thy Voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth:
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And quit for us Thy glorious home.

We were not with Thee on the wave,
When Thou the stormy sea didst bind;
Nor saw the health Thy blessing gave
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind:
But we believe the Fount of Light
Could give the darkened eyeball sight.

We were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter Cross around;
Nor heard the prayer for those who slew,
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground:
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side;
Yet we believe that Thou hast died.

No Angels' message met our ear
  On that first glorious Easter-Day:
" The Lord is risen, He is not here;
  Come see the place where Jesus lay!"
But we believe that Thou didst quell
The banded powers of death and hell.

We did not mark the chosen few,
  When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to Heaven their wondering view,
  Then to the earth all prostrate bend:
But we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

We saw Thee not return on high;
  And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
  Shines down upon our wilderness:
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord! in praise and prayer.

192.

O YE who love the Lord,
And feel His quickening power,
Unite with one accord
His goodness to adore!
To Heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious Name!

He left His throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died:
The pangs He bore what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

He burst the grave, He rose
Victorious from the dead;
And thence His vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the Heavens the Conqueror rode
Triumphant to the throne of God!

He soon again will come—
His chariot will not stay—
To take His children home
To realms of endless day:
We there shall see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace!

193.

CROWN Him with crowns of gold,
All nations great and small!
Crown Him, ye martyred saints of old,
The Lamb once slain for all!
The Lamb once slain for them
Who bring their praises now,
As jewels in the Diadem
That girds His Sacred Brow.

Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began!
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of Light,
Who, on a darkened world,
In robes of glory infinite,
His fiery flag unfurled;
And bore it raised on high,
In Heaven, on earth, beneath,
To all the sign of victory
O'er Satan, sin, and death.

Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die!

194.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart,
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle Voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee!

O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee!
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three!

195.

SPIRIT of God! that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come! when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward Grace!

Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove;

O give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy Grace Divine!

Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light,
But still with softest breathing stir
Our wayward souls, and guide aright,
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter!

196.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire:
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Thy blessed Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song:
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

197.

COME, Holy Ghost, Eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of Peace and Love!

Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire!

Thou art the very Comforter
In grief and all distress;
The heavenly gift of God Most High,
No tongue can it express:

The Fountain and the living Spring
Of joy celestial;
The Fire so bright, the Love so sweet,
And Unction spiritual!

Thou in Thy gifts art manifold,
By them Christ's Church doth stand:
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st Thy law,
The finger of God's hand.

According to Thy promise, Lord,
Thou givest speech with grace,
That through Thy help God's praises may
Resound in every place!

198.

VENI, sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte caelitus
Lucis Tuae radium.

Veni, Pater pauperum,
Veni, Dator munerum,
Veni, Lumen cordium ;

Consolator optime,
Dulcis Hospes animae,
Dulce Refrigerium :

In labore Requies,
In aestu Temperies,
In fletu Solatium.

O Lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine Tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium :

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Da Tuis fidelibus
In Te confidentibus
Sacrum Septenarium ;

Da Virtutis meritum,
Da Salutis exitum,
Da perenne Gaudium.

199.

COME, Thou Holy Ghost, we pray,
Send from realms of heavenly day
All Thy bright enlivening ray!

Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, with gifts that aye endure,
Come, Thou Light of hearts, all-pure!

Comforter, of all the best,
Thou the soul's delightsome Guest,
Glad Refreshment, welcome Rest!

Thou, in toil Repose so sweet,
Thou, the Shade in wearying heat,
Thou, in sorrow Comfort meet!

Light, most blessed Light Thou art;
Freely fill, in every part,
All Thy faithful people's heart!

Save through Thine all-powerful will!
Man hath nought, can nought fulfil,
Nought but what is full of ill.

Wash Thou each defiling stain,
Water Thou what needeth rain,
Heal Thou every wound and pain!

Bend the stubborn to Thy sway,
Warm the cold with quickening ray,
Guide the wandering in Thy way!

Give Thou to Thy faithful race,
Who confiding seek Thy Face,
All Thy Holy Sevenfold Grace.

Give them Virtue's meed, we pray,
Give Redemption's perfect day,
Give the Joys that live for aye!

200.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let Thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesu's Blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret Love of God.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our fears and doubts remove;
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

Spirit of adoption Thou,
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee!

201.

SPIRIT of Truth! on this Thy Day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord! Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more:
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With Faith, with Hope, with Love!

202.

WHEN God of old came down from Heaven,
In Power and Wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay;
A Day of wrath, and not of grace,
A dim and dreadful Day.

But when He came the second time,
He came in Power and Love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The Voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A Voice from Heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God, It fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for It is found.

Come, Lord! come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear:
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord! by love or fear!

203.

SPIRIT of Mercy, Truth, and Love,
O shed Thy influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred Day!

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung!
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by the Saviour wrought!

Blest Comforter and Heavenly Guide,
Still with the Church of Christ abide!
Still let our souls Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love!

204.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love Divine!
Let Thy light around us shine;
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with Thy peace and love!

Pardon to the contrite give,
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God,
Wash us in His precious Blood!

Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life and liberty impart,
Joy and peace to every heart!

Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in the heavenly way;
Bring us to Thy courts above,
To the Fount and Spring of Love!

205.

HOLY Spirit! from on high
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief:
Then the Saviour's Blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

May we daily grow in grace,
Still pursue the heavenly race,
Trained by Wisdom, led by Love,
Till we reach our rest above!

206.

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

207.

THEE, Father, God, we glorify,
Who made the earth and sea and sky,
Gave life to every living thing,
Created man their earthly king,
Then gave His Son for man to die;
Thee, Father, God, we glorify!

All glory to the Son, Who came
Clothed in our flesh and mortal frame;
Who bare our sins, vouchsafed to give
Himself to die, that we might live;
All perfect God and Man in One,
Be praise to Thee, Incarnate Son!

All glory to the Holy Ghost,
Who on the Day of Pentecost
From Heaven to earth in mercy came,
Descending as in tongues of flame,
The promised Comforter and Guide,
Through whom our souls are sanctified!

Three Persons, but One God! Whose grace
Has formed and saves our human race,
With joyful hearts and lips to Thee
We sing this mighty mystery;
Thy Holy Name we magnify,
O Trinity in Unity!

208.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

"Lord! Thy glory fills the Heaven,
"Earth is with its fulness stored;
"Unto Thee be glory given,
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"

Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy!" singing,
"Lord of Hosts! the Lord Most High!"

With His Seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthems flow:

"Lord! Thy glory fills the Heaven,
"Earth is with its fulness stored;
"Unto Thee be glory given,
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"

209.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord!
God of Hosts! When Heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at Thy Word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang, with one accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!

Holy, Holy, Holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall Saints and Seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn
Round the throne, with full accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!

210.

FATHER of Heaven! Whose love profound
A Ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend!

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend!

Eternal Spirit! by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend!

Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend!

211.

WE all believe in One true God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Strong Deliverer in our need,
Praised by all the Heavenly Host;
By Whose mighty power alone
All is made, and wrought, and done.

And we believe in Jesus Christ,
Son of man and Son of God;
Who, to raise us up to Heaven,
Left His throne, and bore our load;
By Whose Cross and death are we
Rescued from our misery.

And we confess the Holy Ghost,
Who from both for ever flows;
Who upholds and comforts us
In the midst of fears and woes.
Blest and Holy Trinity,
Praise shall aye be brought to Thee!

212.

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights! with morning, shine;
Lift on us Thy Light Divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of Heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the Saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

213.

O GOD of Life, Whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine!

O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored;
Be Thou by all with faith implored!

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord! Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain!

O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share!

O Holy, Blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be!

214.

O THOU, Whom neither time nor space
Can circle in, Unseen, Unknown,
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace
Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son!

And Thou, That from Thy bright abode,
To us in mortal weakness shown,
Didst graft the Manhood into God,
Eternal, Co-eternal Son!

And Thou, Whose Unction from on high
By comfort, light, and love is known!
Who, with the Parent Deity,
Dread Spirit! art for ever One!

Great First and Last! Thy blessing give!
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done!

215.

WHERE art Thou, Lord? With anxious eye
We pierce the vaulted night:
World after world we see, but Thou
Art veiled from mortal sight.

Where art Thou, Lord? The riven rock
Its fossil store displays:
Age after age we track, but Thou
Dost shun our lingering gaze.

Where art Thou, Lord? The mind of man
Each secret law unfolds;
On eagle wing Thy worlds surveys,
Yet Thine, not Thee, beholds.

Where art Thou, Lord? We wait Thy Word;
Speak, and Thy Presence prove!
Yea, now we feel that Thou art near;
We know Thee when we love!

216.

HARK! the Song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore!
Alleluia! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign!
Alleluia! let the word
Echo round the earth and main!

Alleluia! Hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All Creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks, 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the Kingdom of His Son!

He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder Heavens have past away.
Then the end:—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

217.

LEAD us, Heavenly Father! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know:
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God! descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

218.

WHEN brothers part for manhood's race,
What gift may most endearing prove,
To keep fond memory in her place,
And certify a brother's love?

'Tis true, bright hours together told,
And blissful dreams in secret shared,
Serene or solemn, gay or bold,
Shall last in fancy unimpaired.

But yet our craving spirits feel,
We shall live on, though fancy die,
And seek a surer pledge, a seal
Of love to last eternally.

Who art thou, that would'st grave thy name
Thus deeply in a brother's heart?
Look on this Saint, and learn to frame
Thy love-charm with true Christian art.

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell
Beneath the shadow of His roof,
Till thou have scanned His features well,
And known Him for the Christ by proof.

Then, potent with the spell of Heaven,
Go, and thine erring brother gain;
Entice him home to be forgiven,
Till he, too, see his Saviour plain.

No fading frail memorial give
To soothe his soul when thou art gone,
But wreaths of hope for aye to live,
And thoughts of good together done.

That so, before the judgment-seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremembered ye may meet,
For endless ages to embrace.

219.

HOW oft, O Lord! Thy Face hath shone
On doubting souls whose wills were true!
Thou Christ of Cephas and of John,
Thou art the Christ of Thomas too.

He loved Thee well, and calmly said,
"Come, let us go, and die with Him!"
Yet, when Thine Easter news was spread,
'Mid all its light his eyes were dim.

His brethren's word he would not take,
But craved to touch those Hands of Thine:
The bruised reed Thou didst not break;
He saw, and hailed His Lord Divine.

He saw Thee Risen; at once he rose
To full belief's unclouded height;
And still through his confession flows
To Christian souls Thy life and light.

O Saviour! make Thy Presence known
To all who doubt Thy Word and Thee;
And teach them in that Word alone
To find the truth that sets them free.

And we, who know how true Thou art,
And Thee as God and Lord adore,
Give us, we pray, a loyal heart,
To trust and love Thee more and more!

220.

"He is a chosen vessel unto Me, for I will show him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake."—ACTS ix. 15, 16.

"Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?'—2 COR. xi. 29.

WHERE shall we find our mightiest Saint,
The chosen vessel of the Lord?
The soul to dare and never faint,
The arm to wield the conqueror's sword?

Where shall we find the Shepherd meek,
With heart aflame at tyrant wrong,
Ever the weakest with the weak,
And still the strongest with the strong?

We find him where we sought him not,
Chief in the front of Jesus' foes:
There, where the battle rages hot,
Loudest of all his trumpet blows.

But, lo! another trumpet calls,
Another foeman meets his sight:
Prone in the dust the warrior falls,
All blinded with the heavenly light.

O Voice of love! O Voice of power!
"Saul, Saul, why warrest thou with Me?"
O captive heart, in that dread hour
From every bond, but one, set free!

Love-vanquished prisoner of the Cross!
The love of Christ doth now constrain:
For Christ he counts his glories loss,
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

O'er land and sea to all mankind
He bears the flag his Master bore,
Forgetting still the things behind,
And reaching forth to things before;

No foe to fear, no toil to grudge,
Self-pledged, till death shall strike him down,
And He, the Lord, the righteous Judge,
Grant to His Saint the martyr crown.

O Saviour! when with heedless jest,
Or blinding zeal, or anger fierce,
We wound the souls that Thou hast blest,
Dear Lord! unknowing Whom we pierce,

Look, Lord! upon us from above;
Speak, Lord! "Why warrest thou with Me?"
Then make us heralds of Thy love,
And chosen vessels unto Thee!

221.

LORD! to Thy Holy temple
Return, return again!
Come back, and fill with glory
The hearts and ways of men!
Not as a lowly Infant,
Unnoticed and unknown,
But in the royal splendour
Of Thine Eternal throne!

O Thou, Whom we delight in,
The Messenger of love,
Come to Thy temple quickly
Back from Thy throne above!
But who may bide Thy coming,
Who hear Thy footsteps tread,
Who stand when Thou appearest,
Thou Judge of quick and dead?

Thy Spirit send before Thee,
Till every heart, restored
By His new life, adore Thee,
Their only God and Lord!
And make our offerings pleasant
As in the days of old,
And as in former happy years
Of which our fathers told!

Come back! and fill Thy temple,
Built up of human hearts,
With that abiding Presence
Which never more departs!
Come! where the prostrate nations
Before Thy feet shall fall;
Come! with Thy holy Angels,
Come back the Lord of all!

222.

O THOU, Who didst at Pentecost
Send down from Heaven the Holy Ghost,
That He might with Thy Church abide
For ever, to defend and guide;
Illuminate Thy servants, Lord,
The Preachers of Thy Holy Word.

O may Thy Pastors faithful be,
Not labouring for themselves, but Thee:
Give grace to feed with wholesome food
Whom Thou hast purchased by Thy Blood,
Thy sheep and lambs, and thus to prove
How dearly they the Shepherd love.

That which Thy Holy Scriptures teach,
That, and that only, may they preach;
May they the true Foundation lay,
Build gold thereon, not wood or hay;
And meekly preach, in days of strife,
The sermon of a holy life.

223.

THOU art the Way—by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord! by Thee.

Thou art the Truth—Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life—the opening tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whence joys eternal flow!

224.

O LIGHT! Whose beams illumine all,
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou, before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray:
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour
That youth may love and age adore!

O Way! through Whom our souls draw near
To yon Eternal Home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our Heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee!

O Truth! before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek:
When dreams or mist beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light!

O Life! the Well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what Seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death!

O Light! O Way! O Truth! O Life!
O Jesu! born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave!
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead!

225.

WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth,
His Messenger before Him went,
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.

The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His Body and His Spouse are we:

A higher race, the sons of Light,
Of Water and the Spirit born;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the Morn!

And, as he boldly spake Thy word,
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's Voice,
Thus may Thy Pastors teach, O Lord,
And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice!

226.

"ART Thou the Healer that should come,
Or look we for Another still?"
So spake he from the dungeon gloom;
His faith was low, his heart was chill.

The voice that cried in saintliest youth
"Repent ye" to the startled throng;
The voice that ever spake the truth,
And boldly chid the tyrant's wrong;

The voice that owned, "I am not He;"
"Why comest Thou to Jordan's flood?
I need to be baptized of Thee;"
"Behold the Atoning Lamb of God!"—

Now murmurs, faint, and half o'ercome
With brooding o'er triumphant ill,
"Art Thou the Healer that should come,
Or look we for Another still?"

The Saviour heard His servant's prayer,
Then turned Him to His daily task;
The two Disciples wondering there
Unconscious learn the truth they ask.

Foul spirits fled the shuddering frame;
The blind man knew His Voice, and saw;
Up rose the palsied and the lame;
The deaf ear heard His Ephphatha;

The leper from his bonds He freed;
The dead He raised to life once more;
And, mightier yet, the Christ indeed,
He preached the Gospel to the poor.

Then to the Messengers alone
He spake—and spake no other word—
"Go back, and show My servant John
What ye this day have seen and heard."

227.

"THOU art the Christ, O Lord,
The Son of God Most High!"
For ever be adored
That Name in earth and sky,
In Which, though mortal strength may fail,
The Saints of God at last prevail!

O! surely he was blest
With blessedness unpriced,
Who, taught of God, confessed
The Godhead in the Christ!
For of Thy Church, Lord! Thou didst own
Thy Saint a true foundation-stone.

Thrice was he put to shame,
Thrice did the dauntless fall;
But O! that look that came
From out the judgment-hall!
It pierced and broke the spell-bound heart,
And foiled the tempter's sifting art!

Thrice fallen—thrice restored!
The bitter lesson learnt,
That heart for Thee, O Lord,
With triple ardour burnt:
The cross he took he laid not down
Until he grasped the Martyr's crown!

O bright triumphant faith!
O courage void of fears!
O love most strong in death!
O penitential tears!
By these, Lord! keep us lest we fall,
And make us go where Thou shalt call!

228.

"LOVEST thou Me?" the Risen Saviour cried,
"Lovest thou Me Mine other friends above?"
"I love Thee, Lord!" the humbled Saint replied,
"Thou knowest all, Thou knowest that I love."

Can this be he who thrice his Lord disowned?
Shall he, thrice pardoned, feed his Master's sheep?
O generous trust! O frailty well atoned
By years of love and toils that never sleep!

Thou, Who the bruised reed didst never break,
Thou, Who the contrite heart wilt not despise,
Who from the sheepfold dost Thy monarchs take,
And show'st to babes lore hidden from the wise,

We bless Thee, Lord! that, having marked each fall,
Each trip, each stumble, when our path was steep,
Thou scorn'st us not, but gently, knowing all—
The sin, the sorrow—biddest, "Feed My sheep."

Lord of my life! King, Master, Brother, Friend,
Forgotten oft, and oft, though seen, denied,
Yet patient still, and trustful to the end,
And watching at Thy wayward servant's side,

Grant, when at length Thou makest all things new,
And truant fancy may no longer rove,
This heart shall cry, and Thou shalt own it true,
"Thou knowest all, Thou knowest that I love!"

229.

TWO Brothers freely cast their lot
With David's Royal Son,
The cost of conquest counting not—
They deem the battle won.

Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
An undivided joy,
That man may one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Christ heard, and willed that James should fall
First prey of Satan's rage,
John linger out his fellows all,
And die in bloodless age.

Now they join hands once more above
Before the Conqueror's throne:
Thus God grants prayer, but in His love
Makes times and ways His own.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit blest,
By saints on earth be honour done,
And by the Saints at rest!

230.

FROM fisher's net, from fig-tree's shade,
God gathers whom He will;
Touched by His grace, all men are made
His purpose to fulfil.
But not alone from shady nooks
Fresh with life's noon-tide dew,
From humble walks, or quiet books,
Calls He His chosen few:

Out of the busiest haunts of life,
Its most engrossing cares,
Its nightly travail, daily strife,
Self-woven golden snares,
He for His vineyard doth provide;
His gentle Voice doth move
The world's keen votaries to His side
With its persuasive love.

So Matthew left his golden gains
At the great Master's call;
His soul the love of Christ constrains
Freely to give up all.
The tide of life was at its flow,
Rose higher day by day;
But he a higher life would know
Than that which round him lay.

O Saviour! when prosperity
Makes this world hard to leave,
And all its pomps and vanity
Their meshes round us weave;
O grant us grace, that to Thy call
We may obedient be;
And, cheerfully forsaking all,
May follow only Thee!

231.

AROUND the throne of God a band
Of bright and glorious Angels stand;
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

Lord! give Thine Angels every day
Command to guide us on our way;
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm, or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With Angels round Thy throne at last.

232.

FATHER, before Thy throne of light
The Guardian Angels bend,
And ever in Thy presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend;
And, casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
Hymn glory, Lord! to Thee!

And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While Seraph unto Seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings;
So may we feel, as low we kneel
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of Thy Face!

Here, where the Angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
And love Thee e'en as they;
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own,
That boyhood's time and manhood's prime
Be Thine and Thine alone!

233.

O YE immortal throng
Of Angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song
To make the Saviour known!
On earth ye knew
His wondrous grace,
His beauteous Face
In Heaven ye view!

Ye saw the Heaven-born Child
In human flesh arrayed,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid;
And Praise to God
And Peace on earth,
For His dear Birth,
Proclaimed aloud!

Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoiled;
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foiled;
And joyed to crown
The Victor's Head,
When Satan fled
Before His frown.

Around the Bloody Tree
  Ye pressed with strong desire,
That wondrous sight to see,
  The Lord of Life expire;
    And, could your eyes
      Have known a tear,
      Had dropt it there
    In sad surprise.

Around His Sacred Tomb
  A willing watch ye keep,
Till the blest moment come
  To rouse Him from His sleep;
    Then rolled the stone,
      And all adored
      Your rising Lord
    With joy unknown!

When all arrayed in light
  The shining Conqueror rode,
Ye hailed His rapturous flight
  Up to the throne of God;
    And waved around
      Your golden wings,
      And struck your strings
    Of sweetest sound!

234.

THEY come, God's Messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.

They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear;
They come to speed us on our way;
God willeth them with us to stay.

But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis theirs the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the willing heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart!"

Blest Jesus! Thou Whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed
Thou didst not scorn Thine Angels' aid.

To us the zeal of Angels give,
With love to serve Thee while we live:
To us an Angel Guard supply
When on the bed of death we lie.

So, when the toils of earth are past,
We may attain to bliss at last,
And with the choirs of Angels sing
Glory to the Eternal King!

235.

HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The Voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

236.

WHAT thanks and praise to Thee we owe,
O Priest and Sacrifice Divine,
For Thy dear Saint through whom we know
So many a gracious Word of Thine!

Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale
Of all Thy Manhood's toils and tears,
And for a moment lift the veil
That hides Thy Boyhood's spotless years.

How many a soul with guilt oppressed
Has learned to hear the joyful sound
In that sweet tale of sin confessed,
The Father's love, the Lost and Found!

How many a child of sin and shame
Has refuge found from guilty fears
Through her, who to the Saviour came
With costly ointments and with tears!

What countless worshippers have sung,
In lowly fane or lofty choir,
The song that loosed the silent tongue
Of him who was the Baptist's sire!

And still the Church through all her days
Uplifts the strains that never cease,
The Blessed Virgin's hymn of praise,
The aged Simeon's words of peace.

O happy Saint! whose sacred page,
So rich in words of truth and love,
Pours on the Church from age to age
This healing unction from above;

The Witness of the Saviour's life,
The great Apostle's chosen Friend
Through weary years of toil and strife,
And still found faithful to the end!

237.

THE Church's One Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By Water and the Word:
From Heaven He came and sought her
To be His Holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth,
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord! give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee!

238.

COME! let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise!

Let all below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and Heaven, are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.

O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts! the waves divide,
And land us all in Heaven!

239.

BRIDE of Christ! to whom 'tis given
For thy Lord to strive and die,
Chaunt aloud the song of Heaven,
Sing the triumph of the sky!

Let this festive Day, combining
Saints below with Saints above,
Hear them all their voices joining,
Fraught with melody and love!

See the Faithful, all collected,
Happy in their blest abode,
Who the world's vain joys rejected
For their Saviour and their God!

All with joy their voices raising
Glory to their God proclaim,
His thrice-mighty power are praising,
Lauding His thrice-holy Name!

Happy Saints! with every blessing,
Every joy your God can give!
O, may we, such joy possessing,
Now in holy union live!

May we ever walk before Him,
Here on earth, in faithful love!
Joined with you, may we adore Him
Glorious in the realms above!

240.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of Light,
Nearest the Eternal throne?
These are they who bore the cross,
Faithful to their Master died,
Sufferers in His righteous cause,
Followers of the Crucified.

Out of great distress they came;
And their robes, by faith below,
In the Blood of Christ the Lamb
They have washed as white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God doth dwell amongst His own,
God doth in His Saints delight.

More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings passed,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
Storm and drought no more they feel,
Freezing blast or scorching ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

He That on the throne doth reign
Them for evermore shall feed,
With the Tree of Life sustain,
To the living fountains lead:
He shall all their griefs remove,
He shall all their wants supply;
God Himself, the God of Love,
Tears shall wipe from every eye.

241.

WHO are these, like Stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing—
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! Hark, they sing,
Praising loud their Heavenly King!

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness;
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand?
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Oft with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more!

242.

HOW bright those glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light;
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, Who dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment Divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

To pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

243.

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The Saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in Blood.

Through tribulation great they came,
And bore the cross, and scorned the shame:
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's Eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
The tear is wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
And thus their loud Hosannas raise:

"Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood,
And made us Kings and Priests to God!"

244.

SEE the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand!
This before the throne their strain:
"Hell is vanquish'd; Death is slain!
Blessing, Honour, Glory, Might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and Powers before Him fall,
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power!
Still Thy foes are unsubdued,
Nature sighs to be renewed;
Time has nearly reach'd its sum,
All things with Thy Bride say, Come!
Jesus! Whom all worlds adore,
Come! and reign for evermore!

245.

FOR all Thy Saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy Saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned by Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee!

246.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A Kingly Crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:—
Who follows in his train?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain!
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

247.

THERE is a blessed Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting Light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of Peace,
Good Angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell:
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand Saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit evermore!

O joy all joys beyond
To see the Lamb Who died,
To see Him there enthroned,
By suffering glorified!
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

Look up, ye Saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe.
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

248.

O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall our crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred Saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

Lord! may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where Saints and Angels live!

249.

ALLELUIA! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Alleluia! Thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love:
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

Alleluia! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Alleluia! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye Saints, the strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

Alleluia! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
Holy God! we raise to Thee;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see!
Alleluia!
Ours at length the strain may be.

250.

BY no new path, untried before,
Thy servants dost Thou lead;
The self-same promise as of yore
Supports the self-same need.
The Faith for which Thy Saints endured
The dungeon or the stake,
That very Faith, with hearts assured,
Upon our lips we take.

Though scattered widely left and right,
And sent to various posts,
One is the battle that we fight
Beneath One Lord of Hosts.
We know not, we shall never know,
Our fellow-labourers here;
But they that strive one strife below
Shall in one joy appear.

They need, O Lord, Thy special grace
That fight in this world's view;
But in still conflict, face to face,
Is Satan vanquished too.
One is the end of them that shed
Their life-blood for Thy Name,
And them that on the dying bed
Have glorified the same.

251.

THE Saints of God! Their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

The Saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run;
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that dear Home how sweet your rest!

The Saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that calm Haven of your rest!

The Saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy Saints! rejoice and sing!
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

O God of Saints! To Thee we cry;
O Saviour! plead for us on high!
O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all Saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee!

252.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ Crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His Glory and His Shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His Crown!

253.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise!
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son!

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God!

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day!

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last!

254.

STRIVE, when thou art called of God,
When He draws thee by His grace,
Strive to cast away the load
That would clog thee in the race!

Fight, though it may cost thy life;
Storm the kingdom, but prevail;
Let not Satan's fiercest strife
Make thee, warrior, faint or quail.

Wrestle, with strong prayers and cries;
Think no time too much to spend,
Though the night be passed in sighs,
Though all day thy voice ascend.

Art thou faithful? then oppose
Sin and wrong with all thy might;
Care not how the tempest blows,
Only care to win the fight.

Art thou faithful? wake and watch,
Love with all thy heart Christ's ways;
Seek not transient ease to snatch,
Look not for reward or praise.

Soldiers of the Cross, be strong!
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
Daily conquering woe and wrong,
Till our King o'er earth shall reign!

255.

O GOD of Truth! Whose living Word
Upholds whate'er has breath,
Look down on Thy created sons
Enslaved by sin and death.
Set up Thy standard, Lord! that we,
Who claim a Heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

And would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white?
How can we fight for Truth and God,
Enthralled to lies and sin?
He who would wage such war on earth
Must first be true within.

O God of Truth! for Whom we long,
O Thou that hearest prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.
So, tried in Thy refining fire,
From every lie set free,
In us Thy perfect Truth shall dwell,
And we may fight for Thee.

256.

BEFORE Thine awful Presence, Lord,
Thy sinful servants bow,
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.

The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed, and word, and thought,
Lord! we renounce once more.

Once more we vow the Holy Faith
To keep unstained and true;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy Holy Will to do.

Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved, beneath Thy banner bright,
Where Thou shalt lead to go.

O Father! pardon all the past,
Give back Thy wasted grace;
Strengthen us all, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race.

Still let Thy blessed Spirit's aid
Our strength and comfort be:
Then, though we sometimes be afraid,
We still will trust in Thee.

257.

THINE for ever! God of Love,
Hear us from Thy throne above:
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in Eternity!

Thine for ever! Lord of Life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day!

Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end!

Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share!

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord! from earth to Heaven!

258.

LORD! shall Thy children come to Thee?
A boon of love divine we seek:
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord! shall we come, and come again?
Oft as we see yon Table spread,
And, tokens of Thy dying pain,
The wine poured out, the broken bread,
Bless, bless, O Lord! Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord! shall we come? Not thus alone,
At holy time, in solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
Still let us seek Thy grace, that we
In Faith, Hope, Love, confirmed may be.

Lord! shall we come? come yet again?
Thy children ask one blessing more;
To come, not now alone, but then
When life, and death, and time are o'er;
Then, then to come, O Lord! and be
Confirmed in Heaven, confirmed by Thee.

259.

LORD! Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this dreary wilderness:
Holy Jesu! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are stony paths to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack:
There are tangled paths to thread;
Light us, lest we miss the track:
Holy Jesu! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest:
Holy Jesu! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

260.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life!

Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe!
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move!
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian Soldiers, onward go!

261.

CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose;
Cast thy dreams of ease away:
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray!"

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day:
Ambushed lies the evil one;
"Watch and pray!"

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim
"Watch and pray!"

First and chiefest, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray!"

Watch! as if on thee alone
Hung the issue of the day:
Pray! and all thy weakness own;
"Watch and pray!"

262.

SPIRIT of might and sweetness too!
Now leading on the wars of God,
Now to green isles of shade and dew
Turning the waste Thy people trod;

Draw, Holy Ghost! Thy sevenfold veil
Between us and the fires of youth;
Breathe, Holy Ghost! Thy freshening gale,
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

And oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallowed hour do Thou renew,
When, beckoned up the awful choir
By pastoral hands, toward Thee we drew;

When, trembling at the sacred rail,
We hid our eyes and held our breath,
Felt Thee how strong, our hearts how frail,
And longed to own Thee to the death.

For ever on our souls be traced
That blessing dear, that dove-like hand,
A sheltering rock in Memory's waste,
O'er-shadowing all the weary land!

263.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of Heaven!
O for the golden floor!
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins!
O for a soul washed white!
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

Here, faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there, are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
O by Thy Life laid down!
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

264.

LORD! pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy Priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the Truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like Stars in Thy right hand
Let all Thy Church's Pastors be.

Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs and tend Thy sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine!

265.

O THOU Who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew Divine
On all who seek a Saviour's Love;

Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer:
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep,
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

If thus, good Lord! Thy grace be given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to Heaven
We taste our immortality.

266.

SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright!
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the Living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of Hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie
Carry Truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest die,
There the Saving Sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of Mercy and of Peace.

Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort troubles, banish grief;
With the shield of Faith arrayed
Quench the darts of unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurled,
Bravely wield the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the Kingdom of the Lord!

267.

GO, labour on: spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's Will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labour on: though poor thy lot,
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not:
The Master praises; what are men?

Go, labour on: thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down:
Yet falter not; the prize we seek
Is near, a Kingdom and a Crown!

Go, labour on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, and faint not; watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For work comes rest, for exile home:
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's Voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

268.

LORD! Whose Temple once did glisten
With a monarch's rich supplies,
To our humbler praises listen,
Bless our willing sacrifice!
Be our freewill offering, given
To the Father and the Son,
Sweeter in the sight of Heaven
Than the scents of Lebanon!

Clouds and darkness veiled Thy dwelling
In Thy chosen House of old,
Though the hymn of praise was swelling
'Mid the pomp of Ophir's gold:
Here, Thy love our hearts shall brighten;
Hence, ye earth-born clouds, away!
Here Thy Spirit shall enlighten,
Shining to the perfect day.

Hither, on Thy holy morning,
Guide us on our church-way path:
Here, O Lord! in life's first dawning,
Sprinkle every child of wrath:
Here, around Thy Table bending,
Feed us with the Living Bread:
Here, to wait their Lord's descending,
Hallowed earth, receive the dead!

When our Israel's sore transgression
Stops the windows of the sky;
When we sink beneath oppression,
When we see our thousands die;
Father! when we here adore Thee,
In Thy House our prayer receive;
When we spread our hands before Thee,
Here behold us, and forgive!

269.

THOU inevitable Day,
When a Voice to me shall say,
"Thou must rise and come away;

"All thine other journeys past,
"Gird thee, and make ready fast,
"For thy longest and thy last!"

Day, deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright?

Art thou distant? art thou near?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear?
Day with more of hope or fear?

Wilt thou come, unseen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying, "Light and life are o'er?"

Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face?

Little skills it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow.

Come thou must, and we must die;
Jesus! Saviour! stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals mine eye!

270.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before Whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear,
Do Thou our souls prepare
For that tremendous Day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from Heaven come down,
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

To chasten earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
For ever let the Archangel's Voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come!
"Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
"And hear your instant doom!"

O may we thus be found
Obedient to His Word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus ensure
Our lot among the Blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest!

271.

THE feeble pulse, the gasping breath,
The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful Death?
O Grave, are these thy victory?

The mourners by our parting bed,
The wife, the children weeping nigh,
The dismal pageant of the dead,—
These, these are not thy victory!

But from the much-loved world to part,
Our lust untamed, our spirit high,
All nature struggling at the heart,
Which, dying, feels it dare not die!

To dream through life a gaudy dream
Of pride, and pomp, and luxury,
Till wakened by the nearer gleam
Of burning boundless agony;

To meet o'er-soon our angry King,
Whose love we passed unheeded by;
Lo this, O Death, thy deadliest sting!
O Grave, and this thy victory!

O Searcher of the secret heart,
Who deigned for sinful man to die!
Restore us ere the spirit part,
Nor give to Hell the victory!

272.

HARK! a Voice saith, All are mortal,
Yea, all flesh must fade as grass;
Only through Death's gloomy portal
To a better life ye pass;
And this body formed of clay
Here must languish and decay,
Ere it rise in glorious might,
Fit to dwell with Saints in light.

There is joy beyond our telling
Where so many Saints are gone;
Thousand thousands there are dwelling,
Worshipping before the Throne:
There the Seraphim on high
Brightly shine, and ever cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!
"Three in One for aye adored!"

273.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the Heaven.

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And, ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for Hell or Heaven!

274.

LORD Jesus Christ! true Man, true God,
Who hast alone the winepress trod,
And died at last upon the tree,
That man Thy Father's face should see;
We pray Thee through that bitter woe,
To us Thy wondrous mercy show!

When comes the hour of failing breath,
And we must wrestle, Lord! with death;
When all our mind is darkened o'er,
And human help can do no more,
Then come, Lord Jesus! come with speed,
And help us in our hour of need!

Dear Lord! forgive us all our guilt;
Help us to wait until Thou wilt
That we depart; and let our faith
Be brave and conquer even in death,
Firm resting on Thy sacred Word,
Until we sleep in Thee, O Lord!

275.

CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the Voice saith, "Come!
"Enter thine Eternal Home;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear friend it summons there.

Had He asked us, well we know
We should cry, "O spare this blow!"
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him stay!"

But the Lord doth nought amiss;
And, since He hath ordered this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His Will.

Many a heart no longer here
Ah! was all too inly dear:
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call;
Thou wilt be our All in all!

276.

O WEEP not, mourn not o'er this bier!
Such death as this hath nought for fear;
He died as dies a Christian man,
And with his death true life began.

Coffin and grave we deck with care,
His body reverently we bear;
It is not dead, but rests in God,
And softly sleeps beneath the sod.

It seems as all were over now,
The heavy limbs, the soulless brow;
Yet through these rigid limbs once more
A nobler life, ere long, shall pour.

God breathed into this house of clay
The spirit that hath past away;
Christ gave the true courageous mind,
The noble heart, ye no more find.

Now earth has hid it from our eyes
Till God shall bid it wake and rise,
Who ne'er the creature will forget
On whom His image He hath set.

Ah! would that promised day were come,
When Christ shall take us to our Home:
Then shall He call, nor one be lost,
From earth and sea His buried host.

277.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy!

The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Father's joy!

278.

NOW the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past,
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last:
Father! in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear,
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here:
Father! in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise:
Father! in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release:
Father! in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection Day:
Father! in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

279.

THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide:
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

280.

DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before His throne;
Deck His Mediatorial crown:
Go, His triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return!

Lo, He beckons from on high!
Fearless to His Presence fly!
Thine the merit of His Blood,
Thine the Righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to Heaven.

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him, Whose dying love and power
Stayed its tossing, hushed its roar:
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve:
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

281.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around:

And peace, for war is needless;
And rest, for storm is past;
And goal from finished labour,
An anchorage at last!

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face!

282.

HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by Angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of Love!

Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest!
For the joy He sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain:
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign!

283.

1 Thess. iv. 13.

JESUS died for us, and rose again!
Therefore are our hopes no longer dim;
Therefore know we that to die is gain,
For we sleep in Him.

Therefore Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
Still are ours, for all are still the Lord's:
Wherefore let us comfort one another
With these blessed words!

284.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And Faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

A beam from Heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road,
And Angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.

Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless;
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

O Lord! that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, Thy Face to see,
Impress Thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with Thee!

285.

ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ! Whose Voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of Love and Power!
Our brethren's shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea!

286.

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep;
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

"Save, Lord! we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still!"

The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still!"

287.

GREAT King of nations! hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine;
O turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray!

Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own;
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer,
"Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord!
"Then let Thy mercy spare!"

288.

O GOD, That madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this Thy family,
And help us when we pray!
For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart
To view the rocky shore.

The Cross our Master bore for us,
For Him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair!
Then mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when Thy sorrows visit us,
O send Thy patience too!

289.

Psalm lxxxv.

LORD! Thine heart in love hath yearned
On Thy lost and fallen land:
Israel's face is homeward turned,
Thou hast freed Thy captive band:
Thou hast borne Thy people's sin,
Covered all their deeds of ill;
All Thy wrath is gathered in,
And Thy burning anger still.

Turn us, stay us, now once more,
God of all our health and peace!
Let Thy cloud of wrath fleet o'er;
From Thine own Thine anger cease!
Art Thou not a God to turn,
Turn, and be our life again,
That Thy people's heart may burn
With the gladness of Thy reign?

Show us now Thy tender love;
Thy salvation, Lord, impart!
I the Voice Divine would prove,
Listening in my silent heart;
Listening what the Lord will say:
"Peace," to all that own His will;
To His saints that love His way,
"Peace," and "turn no more to ill!"

290.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through—
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew—
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, hearken! None has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear:
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear!

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand!
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the Judgment,
From some far, forgotten land!

Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations, lead us o'er!
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before!

291.

FATHER! if that gracious Name
Thou permit our souls to claim,
Hear us plead for those who stray,
Wanderers from the heavenly way,
Unrepentant, unforgiven,
Strangers yet to Thee and Heaven:
Near them yawns the opening grave;
Save them, ere they perish, save!

Wanderers once ourselves as they,
Bound like them in Satan's sway,
Pardoned sinners, can our eye
See unmoved our brethren die?
Lord! Thy grace our hearts could melt;
Let that grace by them be felt!
Breathe on them that quickening breath
Which has waked our souls from death!

Thou! Omnipotent to save,
Great High-Priest, Thine aid we crave!
By Thy Blood's transcendant price,
By Thy perfect Sacrifice,
Thou, Whose dying breath implored
Grace for those who slew their Lord,
O repeat that prayer again,
Thou Who canst not plead in vain!

292.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The Heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With Wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

293.

SPREAD, O spread, Thou mighty Word,
Spread the Kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings born for Heaven!

Tell them how the Father's Will
Made the world, and keeps it still;
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who for ever doth remove,
By His Holy Sacrifice,
All the guilt that on us lies.

Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to Heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.

Word of Life! most pure and strong,
Lo! for Thee the nations long:
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light!

Up! the ripening fields ye see:
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.

Lord of Harvest! let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee,
Till the nations far and near
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear!

294.

THOU, Whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray!
And, where the Gospel-Day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be Light!

Thou, Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind—
O now to all mankind
Let there be Light!

Spirit of Truth and Love,
Life-giving Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be Light!

Holy and Blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as Ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be Light!

295.

FATHER of mercies, God of Love,
Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord! was Thine,
The seasons knew Thy call;
Thou mad'st the summer suns to shine,
The summer dews to fall.

The hand unseen that works above
Matured the swelling grain;
And now the Harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

O ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook Thy bounteous care;
But what our Father's hand imparts
Still own in praise and prayer!

296.

LORD! in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the Harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord! with Thee;
And still, now Spring hath on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee, in Thy new Heaven and earth,
We never may forego!

297.

LORD of the Harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By Seed-time and by Harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in Autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its winter's grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings:
So, Lord! to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the Reaper's task:
So shall Thine Angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord! our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need:
O Bread of Life! from day to day,
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay!

298.

O HAND of Bounty, largely spread,
By Whom our every want is fed,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, O Lord! to Thee:
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
Are all Thy gifts, and only Thine!

The stream Thy word to nectar dyed,
The bread Thy blessing multiplied,
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
That silent at Thy mandate stood,
How well they knew Thy Voice Divine,
Whose works they were, and only Thine!

Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
Obedient to Thy Word and Will
We seek Thy daily Mercy still:
Its blessed beams around us shine,
And Thine we are, and only Thine!

299.

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be!
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of Heaven,
Father! what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all;

To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

300.

SAVIOUR! upon Thy glorious throne
Exalted Thou dost shine:
What can we render unto Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

But Thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
The Saviour's Voice is heard.

Thyself, with gratitude and love,
We in Thy poor would see:
O let us joyfully return
What we receive from Thee!

301.

THINE Arm, O Lord! in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave:
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.
And now, O Lord! be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore!

Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death!
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine Almighty breath!
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give Wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore!

302.

O LORD of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart;
Thy Spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith, that warmed our sires!
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be thou a Pillared Flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And, when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving Cloud!

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword;
We lift the meteor-flag on high
That fills with light our troubled sky.

From Treason's rent, from Murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign;
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, Praise to Thee!

303.

HELP us, O Lord! behold, we enter
Upon another Year to-day;
In Thee our hopes and thoughts now centre,
Renew our courage for the way:
New life, new strength, new happiness,
We ask of Thee: O hear, and bless!

O God, be with us and direct us;
O God, our plans and hopes inspire;
O God, from thoughts of sin protect us;
O God, be all our heart's desire;
O God, be in our thoughts each day,
Nor suffer us to fall away!

And grant us, when the Year is over,
Its latest hour in peace may close;
In all things care for us, and cover
Our head in time of fear and woes!
So may we, when our years are gone,
Appear with joy before Thy Throne!

304.

ANOTHER year, another year
Hath sped its flight on silent wing,
And all that marked its brief career
Hath passed from mortal reckoning.

For all Thy grace and patient love,
Exhaustless still, and still the same,
For all our hopes of joy above,
We laud and bless Thy Holy Name.

We bless Thee for each happy soul,
Throughout another fleeting year
Or by Thy quickening grace made whole,
Or parted in Thy faith and fear.

Still bear with us, and bless us still!
And, while in this dark world we stay,
O let us love Thy Holy Will!
O let us keep Thy narrow way!

So, when the rolling stream of time
Hath opened to a boundless sea,
Loud will we raise that song sublime,
All Honour, Glory, Power to Thee!

305.

LORD! behold us with Thy blessing,
Once again assembled here!
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In Thy love, and faith, and fear!
Still protect us
By Thy Presence ever near!

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way:
Lord! again we bow before Thee;
Speed our labours day by day!
Mind and spirit
With Thy choicest gifts array!

Keep the spell of home affection
Still alive in every heart!
May its power, with mild direction,
Draw our love from self apart,
Till Thy children
Feel that Thou their Father art!

Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Safe in every careless hour,
Safe from sloth and sensual snare:
Thou, our Saviour,
Still our failing strength repair!

306.

LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that's lost may all retrieve!
May Thy children
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve!

Bless Thou all our days of leisure;
Help us selfish lures to flee;
Sanctify our every pleasure,
Pure and blameless may it be!
May our gladness
Draw us evermore to Thee!

By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gained;
May all taint of evil perish,
By Thy mightier power restrained!
Seek we ever
Knowledge pure and love unfeigned!

Let Thy Father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store!
Those returning
Make more faithful than before!

307.

Psalm xc.

O GOD! our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our Eternal Home!

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God! our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our Eternal Home!

308.

FATHER! hear Thy children's praises
For the boon we own to-day;
Grateful love our hearts upraises,
This our sacrifice to pay:

Thanks for all Thy mercies given—
Stores of knowledge here unrolled,
Means of grace, and hopes of Heaven—
Unto us, Thy chosen fold!

Lord! Thy servants' spirits turning,
Mould them by Thy gracious sway:
Godliness and all good learning
May we follow day by day!

May we, these Thy bounties sharing,
Every talent use aright,
Still by earthly lore preparing,
Till our faith be turned to sight:

Till, undimmed by dark reflection,
Face to face shall Christ be shown;
Knowledge rise to full perfection,
Knowing e'en as we are known!

309.

O MERCIFUL and Holy!
Who still, by steps unknown,
In simple hearts and lowly
Dost build Thy loftiest throne;
As Thou of old wast near us,
To bless our Founder's care,
Bow down Thine ear, and hear us,
In this Thy House of prayer!

For all the faith and daring
That haunt our ancient Hill,
And patience, and forbearing,
Tried good, and vanquished ill;
Sweet praise of our dear Mother,
And, sweeter far than fame,
The love that binds each brother—
We glorify Thy Name.

For Memory's golden treasure,
Our boyhood's cloudless brow,
Each pure and blameless pleasure,
Each brave and holy vow;
And friends still clinging nearer
As sorrows cross our way,
And some by death made dearer—
We thank Thee, Lord! to-day.

Whate'er Thy Will shall send us,
If weal or woe betide,
Do Thou, our God! defend us
Fast anchored by Thy side!
Here firm, though all be drifting,
May thousands still adore,
Eye, heart, and voice uplifting
Till time shall be no more!

310.

REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation!
Rejoice, and praise our mighty Lord,
Our Strength and our Salvation!
Our Fathers' God was He,
Our God He still shall be;
Our Fathers praised His Name,
Our Sons shall praise the same:
Let young and old adore Him!

Our House was built in lowly ways,
But God looked down upon her:
He gave her wealth and length of days,
And brought us to great honour,
In life, in death, our Guide;
We own no strength beside;
His Hosts are round us still,
He guards His holy hill:
Our House shall stand for ever!

311.

O GOD of Bethel! by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

312.

O HOLY Lord! content to dwell
In a poor home, a lowly Child,
With meek obedience noting well
Each bidding of Thy mother mild;

Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thy pure upright way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey!

O let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear;
Keep them, O Lord! from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there!

So shall they, waiting here below
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour both with God and man.

313.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, Whose Infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike Divine;

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own!

314.

O WISDOM! Whose unfading power
Beside the Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood;

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile
An Infant form to wear;
To bless Thy mother with a smile,
And lisp Thy faltered prayer.

But in Thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore Thy Name!
And, Saviour! deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness!

315.

WHO shall ascend to the Holy Place,
And stand on the Holy Hill?
Who shall the boundless realms of space
With shouts of rapture thrill?
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

The servants of the Lord are they,
The pure in heart and hand,
For whom the eternal bars give way,
The eternal gates expand!
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

Not to the noble, not to the strong,
To the wealthy, or the wise,
Is given a part in that Angel-song,
That music of the skies.
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

But those who in humble and holy fear,
With childlike faith and love,
Have served the Lord as their Master here,
Shall praise their Lord above.
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

And chiefly those who in youth to Him
Their morn of life have given,
With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And all the Host of Heaven—
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

Shall stand in robes of purest white,
And to the Lamb shall raise
The song that rests not day or night,
The eternity of praise!
Hallelujah!
For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

316.

FATHER! I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a quiet mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on Whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
And careful, less to serve Thee much
Than to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the Truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

317.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my Heavenly Friend.

Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till He bids, I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of Love sees fit.

318.

HEAVENLY Father! to Whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

Lord! uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.

All I ask for is, enough;
Only, when the way is rough,
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

Should Thy wisdom, Lord! decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father! glorify Thy Name!

Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God!

319.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God!
So shall I walk aright.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small:
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my all!

320.

OUR Father! guide those streams aright
Which have their springs in Thee;
Shine on them with Thy heavenly light,
And make them pure and free.
And ever, as they onward flow
Through all the darkling scenes below,
May they reflect that Heaven above
Which looks on us in perfect love!

Sin ever would enchain the heart,
But Christ has made us free;
And He would bid those fears depart
Which draw our hearts from Thee.
Thou art our Father; Thou hast known
Our wayward thoughts; in Thee alone
Is all our fulness, all our joy,
Those pleasures which can never cloy.

Thou knowest all our seasons too,
Their ever-varying tone:
Refresh us with the morning dew,
Nor let our night be lone.
At noonday let the showers fall
In answer to our suppliant call;
Strengthen our hearts, and hold us fast,
That we may praise Thee to the last!

321.

OUR Father sits on yonder throne,
Amidst the Hosts above:
He reigns throughout the world alone,
He reigns the God of Love.

He knew us when we knew Him not,
Was with us though unseen;
His favours came to us unsought,
His love has wondrous been.

He keeps us now, securely keeps,
Whatever foe assails,
With vigilance that never sleeps,
With power that never fails.

He gives us hope that we shall be
Ere long with Him above;
That we shall there His glory see,
And celebrate His love.

Then let us, while we dwell below,
Obey our Father's Voice;
To all His Will with meekness bow,
And in His Name rejoice!

322.

WHAT our Father does is well:
Blessed truth His children tell!
Though He send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

What our Father does is well:
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our store eternally?

What our Father does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies:
He has called us sons of God;
Can we murmur at His rod?

What our Father does is well:
May the thought within us dwell!
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise:
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, Might, and Glory be,
Now, and through Eternity!

323.

Psalm ciii.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His Name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But Thy compassions, Lord!
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
The Word of promise sure.

324.

IN God, my faithful God,
I trust when dark my road;
Though many woes o'ertake me,
Yet He will not forsake me;
His love it is doth send them,
And, when 'tis best, will end them.

My sins assail me sore,
But I despair no more:
I build on Christ Who loves me;
From this Rock nothing moves me,
Since I can all surrender
To Him, my soul's Defender.

If death my portion be,
Then death is gain to me,
And Christ my life for ever,
From Whom death cannot sever:
Come when it may, He'll shield me;
To Him I wholly yield me.

325.

IF thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days:
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the Rock that nought can move.

Only be still, and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all foreseeing love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him Who chose us for His own.

Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving;
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His Word; though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee:
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

326.

ALL things hang on our possessing
God's free love and grace and blessing,
Though all earthly wealth depart:
He who God for his hath taken,
'Mid the changing world unshaken
Keeps a free heroic heart.

Well He knows how best to grant us
All the longing hopes that haunt us;
All things have their proper day:
We would dictate to Him never;
As God wills so be it ever,
When He wills we will obey.

If on earth He bids us linger,
He will guide us with His finger
Through the years that now look dim:
All that earth has fleets and changes,
As a river onward ranges,
But we rest in peace on Him.

327.

O LORD! how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect Wisdom, perfect Love,
Is working for the best!

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms!
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lighten'd cheer;
Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
To still the famish'd raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear!

We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away:
But birds and flowerets round us preach;
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord! make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's Will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
Even in affliction, peace!

328.

GOD and Father! great and holy,
Fearing nought we come to Thee;
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
For Thy love hath made us free:
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord! the Angel chorus,
Thou art Love, and Love alone!

Father! Lord of all Creation!
Holy, blest, Eternal Son!
Spirit, source of Inspiration!
Awful Godhead, Three in One!
With the notes which, high ascending,
Ring around the sapphire throne,
May Thy sons the song be blending,
Thou art Love, and Love alone!

Though the world in flames should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Trust in Thee our hearts would cherish,
Thou to us be all in all:
Yea! though Heavens Thy Name are praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone
Than the song our hearts are raising,
Thou art Love, and Love alone!

329.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the Wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto Heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

330.

GOD is Love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we move:
Bliss He forms, and woe He lightens;
God is Light, and God is Love.

Chance and change are busy ever,
Worlds decay, and ages move:
But His mercy waneth never;
God is Light, and God is Love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove:
From the mist His brightness streameth;
God is Light, and God is Love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is Light, and God is Love.

331.

Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.

A SAFE Stronghold our God is still,
A trusty Shield and Weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That in our days shall happen.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon we were down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His Name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all Devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of Hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The City of God remaineth!

332.

Psalm xlvi.

GOD is our Refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world:
We will not fear, though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease:
The Lord His saints will not forsake,
The Lord will give us peace.

A gentle stream of Hope and Love
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His Church below.

When earth and hell against us came,
He spake, and quelled their powers:
The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
The God of Grace is ours!

333.

O GOD! Thou faithful God,
Thou Fountain ever flowing,
Without Whom nothing is,
All perfect gifts bestowing;
A pure and healthy frame
O give me, and within
A conscience free from blame,
A soul unhurt by sin!

And grant me, Lord! to do,
With ready heart and willing,
Whate'er Thou shalt command,
My calling here fulfilling,
And do it when I ought,
With all my strength; and bless
The work I thus have wrought,
For Thou must give success!

If dangers gather round,
Still keep me calm and fearless;
Help me to bear the cross
When life is dark and cheerless;
To overcome my foe
With words and actions kind;
When counsel I would know,
Good counsel let me find!

And when the Day is come,
And all the dead are waking,
O reach me down Thy Hand,
Thyself my slumbers breaking!
Then let me hear Thy Voice,
And change this earthly frame,
And bid me aye rejoice
With those who love Thy Name!

334.

Psalm xxxiv.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name!
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The Hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

335.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

In sickness, Lord! how oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
How oft, in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace!

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

336.

HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

337.

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Lean thou only on His word:
Ever He will be thy stay,
Though all else shall melt away.

Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering Form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid!"

Cast thy burden at His feet,
Linger near the Mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

He will gird thee by His power
In thy weary, fainting hour:
Lean, then, loving on His word,
Cast thy burden on the Lord!

338.

ALL praise and thanks to God Most High,
The Father of all Love,
The God Who doeth wondrously,
The God Who reigns above!

I sought Him in my hour of need;
Lord God, now hear my prayer!
For death He gave me life indeed,
And comfort for despair.

The Lord is never far away,
Nor sundered from His flock;
He is their Refuge and their Stay,
Their Peace, their Trust, their Rock.

And when earth cannot comfort more,
Nor earthly friends avail,
The Father comes Himself with store
Of help that cannot fail.

O Thou That doest all things well
In earth and sky and sea,
These lips shall never cease to tell
What Thou hast done for me.

339.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign Will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

340.

Psalm xxxvii.

PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging Word,
Who Heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised grace is sure.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His power will clear thy way:
Wait thou His time; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

341.

TO God alone the song we raise,
The God That will not fail us;
In vain, while He doth guard our ways,
All evil shall assail us:
God is well pleased to be our Friend;
The peace He gives shall have no end,
In His great loving-kindness.

O God the Father! Heavenly King,
Thy throne that stands unshaken,
Thy praise, Thy glory we would sing,
And joys divine awaken:
No bounds Thy power constrain, Thy Will
Hath course, and is accomplished still;
O happy whom Thou rulest!

O One-Begotten Son! in Whom
Thy Father's love delighteth;
O Lamb of God! Who bear'st the doom
Our sinful hearts affrighteth;
Our Lord! our God! receive the cry
Of utmost need; to Thee we fly;
In mercy, Jesu, hear us!

O Holy Ghost! O sovereign Light,
Thou Comforter all-healing,
Defend us now from Satan's might,
Thy joy, Thy truth revealing
To those whom Christ redeemed from loss
In anguish on the bitter Cross:
O great is our Salvation!

342.

Psalm xci.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade:
In His sacred habitation
Dwell, nor ever be afraid.
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure Defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
Though a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

If with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call when griefs oppress thee,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here with guardian favour bless thee,
Give thee life beyond the grave.

343.

Genesis xxii.

FATHER of Love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won!
We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God!

If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some Angel may be there in time,
Deliverance shall arise:
Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That makes the spirit pure!

Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy Will, and praise Thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear.
And, till in Heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise!

344.

Jehovah-jireh.

"IN the mount it shall be seen;"
God will all provide:
None have e'er forsaken been
Who on Him relied.
Fear not; Jesu's aid implore,
Soon will He the light restore.

Out of darkness He will raise
Soon the dawning day:
Now prepare thy joyful praise,
He is on His way.
Whilst we seek Him, lo! He brings
Plenteous healing in His wings.

Praise, O Jesu! praise to Thee,
Who our ills hast borne:
Let Thy word our comfort be,
"Blest are they that mourn!"
Blest are they whom Thou dost bless,
Present Help in all distress!

345.

Psalm xciii.

GOD the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in His own glorious light:
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth;
He hath girded Him with might.
Hallelujah!
God is King in depth and height!

In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more:
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation
From all time where thought can soar.
Hallelujah!
Lord! Thou art for evermore!

Lord! the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean-floods have lift their roar:
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore.
Hallelujah!
For the Ocean's sounding store!

With all tones of waters blending
Glorious is the breaking deep:
Glorious, beauteous without ending,
God, Who reigns on Heaven's high steep.
Hallelujah!
Songs of Ocean never sleep.

Lord! the words Thy lips are telling
Are the perfect Verity:
Of Thine high Eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be.
Hallelujah!
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

346.

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord! art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

347.

Psalm xxiii.

THE God of Love my Shepherd is,
And He That doth me feed:
While He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

Or, if I stray, He doth convert
And bring my mind in frame;
And all this not for my desert,
But for His Holy Name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, nor fear;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And, as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise!

348.

Psalm xxiii.

THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord! beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a Table in my sight,
Thy Unction grace bestoweth;
And O! what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd! may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy House for ever!

349.

TRY us, O God! and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord!
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,
And perfect us in Love!

350.

COME, let us search our hearts, and try
If all our ways be right:
Is God's great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

Have we to others truly done
As we would have them do?
Envious, unkind, and false to none,
But always just and true?

In vain we speak of Jesu's Blood,
And place in Him our trust,
If, while we boast our love to God,
We prove to men unjust.

Thou, before Whom we stand in awe,
And tremble, and obey,
Write in our hearts Thy perfect law,
And keep us in Thy way!

351.

LORD! Thou hast searched me out, and known
My rising up and lying down:
Thou know'st them all; each thought in me
Far off is deeply traced by Thee.

Discoverer of my path and bed,
Companion sure where'er I tread;
Ere from my tongue a word can fall,
Behold, O Lord! Thou knowest all.

Behind, before me, all around,
Thy potent arm my frame hath bound:
I feel Thine hand, but may not see;
O wondrous skill, too high for me!

I climb to Heaven, and Thou art there;
To the low dungeon I repair,
And make my bed; behold Thee still,
Thy piercing Eye, Thy ruling Will!

What if the wings of morn I take,
My tent in farthest ocean make?
Even there Thy hand shall guide my way,
Thy strong right arm my goings stay.

Then said I, "Darkness sure will hide;"
But night was day on every side:
The darkness is not dark with Thee;
By day and night Thy beams are free.

352.

LORD! Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of Mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of Life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord! may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

353.

FATHER of mercies! in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines!

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome Voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there!

354.

EYE of God's Word! where'er we turn
Ever upon us! thy keen gaze
Can all the depths of sin discern,
Unravel every bosom's maze.

Who that has felt thy glance of dread
Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,
About his path, about his bed,
Can doubt what spirit in thee dwells?

The child-like faith, that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes, because it loves aright—
Shall see things greater, things Divine.

Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest Angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide
'Twixt God above and Christ below.

So still the guileless man is blest,
To him all crooked paths are straight;
Him, on his way to endless rest,
Fresh ever-growing strengths await.

355.

COME, O Thou Traveller Unknown!
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell!
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love!

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour! Who Thou art;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!

356.

THOU hidden Love of God! Whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor let it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
O tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive:
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!

O Love! Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from forbidden care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry!

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Life, thy God, thy all!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy Voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice!

357.

LOVE Divine! all love excelling,
Joy of Heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy Salvation,
Enter every longing heart!

Come! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thine Hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy boundless love!

Finish, then, Thy new Creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see Thy great Salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

358.

O LOVE Divine! how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
My longing soul cries out to prove
The greatness of Redeeming Love,
The love of Christ to me!

More strong His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born Sons of Light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

Thy only love do I require,
Nor aught in earth beneath desire,
Nor aught in Heaven above:
Let earth, and Heaven, and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know,
Give me Thy only love!

God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
All else I would to Thee resign;
This only portion, Lord! be mine,
Be mine this better part!

359.

O JESUS! Saviour! from on high
On us Thy purchased gifts bestow;
Thy daily strengthening grace supply,
And let our hearts Thy Presence know!
Ascended Lord! enthroned above,
Thou hast not ceased our souls to love
In Heaven, as here Thou didst below.

Lord! we are weak, but Thou art strong;
Give us submission to Thy will;
Give strength that, though Thou tarry long,
We may believe Thy promise still!
Thou wilt return Thy saints to free,
To reign in Zion gloriously,
And all our long desires fulfil.

Yet, Lord! we are but feeble dust;
The ages pass, the Heavens are dumb;
In Thee, in Thee is all our trust,
But death's dark chills our souls benumb:
We do not doubt, we look, we wait,
We think we hear Thee at the gate;
Lord Jesus, O that Thou wouldst come!

360.

SAVIOUR! we lift our trembling eyes
To that bright seat where, placed on high,
The great, the Atoning Sacrifice
For us, for all, is ever nigh.

Be Thou our Guard on peril's brink,
Be Thou our Guide through weal or woe;
And teach us of Thy cup to drink,
And make us in Thy path to go.

For what is earthly change or loss?
Thy promises are still our own:
The feeblest frame may bear Thy Cross,
The lowliest spirit share Thy Throne.

361.

"LORD, when Thy Kingdom comes, remember me!"
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears;
O faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years!

No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding Brow,
The Hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith,
"Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"
O words of love to answer words of faith!
O words of hope for those who live to pray!

Lord! when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith Thy Kingdom I may see;
And, thinking on Thy Cross and bleeding Head,
May breathe my parting words, "Remember me!"

Remember me, but not my shame or sin;
Thy cleansing Blood hath washed them all away;
Thy precious death for me did pardon win,
Thy Blood redeemed me in that awful Day.

Remember me! and, ere I pass away,
Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free;
And make Thy promise to my heart, "To-day
"Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me."

362.

O THOU from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord! remember me!

When on my aching burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,
In love remember me!

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day;
For good remember me!

If on my face, for Thy dear Name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

And O, when in the hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
"Dear Lord! remember me!"

363.

JESUS! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee!
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all Eternity!

364.

LONG enthralled in guilt and sorrow,
Sinner, hail the accepted hour!
Jesus is at hand to save thee,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

Let not conscience make thee linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel thy need of Him:
This He gives thee,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Prostrate in the moonlit garden
Lo, the world's Creator lies!
On the bloodstained Cross behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

Lo, the Incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merit of His Blood!
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

365.

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at Heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a Voice that bids me "Come!"

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of Heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver! grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy Righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord!
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord! for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love!

366.

"COME unto Me, ye weary,
"And I will give you Rest."
O blessed Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

"Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
"And I will give you Light."
O loving Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

"Come unto Me, ye fainting,
"And I will give you Life."
O cheering Voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But He has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh,
"I will not cast him out."
O welcome Voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

367.

I HEARD the Voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me, and rest;
"Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
"Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
"The living water; thirsty one,
"Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light:
"Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
"And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

368.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yea, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shall be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Lord! it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

369.

JESUS! Lord! we kneel before Thee,
Bend from Heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
By Thy Mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy Mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our time of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy Mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy Mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy Mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful Judgment-Day,
May our souls, on Thee, relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay!
By Thy Mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

370.

ASHAMED of Jesus! can it be?
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor!
O may I scorn it more and more!

Ashamed of Jesus! of that Friend
On whom my hopes of Heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no sins to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my portion be,
That Saviour not ashamed of me!

371.

JESU dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordi gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis praesentia.

Nil canitur suävius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

Jesu, spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus,
Quam bonus Te quaerentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus?

Jesu, dulcedo cordium,
Fons veri, lumen mentium,
Excedens omne gaudium,
Et omne desiderium.

Nec lingua valet dicere
Nec litera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

372.

JESU! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.

Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Nor e'er from heart o'erflowed
A dearer Name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
No tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be:
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through Eternity!

373.

GREAT High-Priest! Who deign'dst to be
Once the Sacrifice for me,
Take this living heart of mine,
Lay it on Thy holy shrine.

Love, I know, accepteth nought,
Save what Thou, O Love, hast wrought:
Offer Thou my sacrifice,
Else to God it cannot rise.

Slay in me the wayward will,
Earthly sense and passion kill;
Tear self-love from out my heart,
Though it cost me bitter smart.

So may God the Righteous brook
On my sacrifice to look;
In Whose sight no gift has worth
Save a Christ-like life on earth.

374.

O SAVIOUR! may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within;
Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin!

O may we gaze upon Thy Cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light!

Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things!

There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee,
And in a fairer, happier Home
Thy perfect beauty see!

375.

HOLY Lamb! who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, so let us be!

Fix, O fix each wavering mind,
To Thy Cross our spirits bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Perfect, Lord, our souls in love!

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Make us Thine, Thou Son of God!
Wash us in Thy precious Blood!

376.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my Eternal Rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold!
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless Saints Thy Name adore!
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove!
There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy Presence and Thy Love.

377.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek their Home above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting Love;
Our strength Thy Grace, our rule Thy Word,
Our end the Glory of the Lord.

By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
By Thy paternal bounty fed,
We shall not want in all our way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While Love, Almighty Love, is near.

378.

CEASE, my soul, thy tribulation,
Banish all thy griefs and fears;
Christ, in Whom is thy Salvation,
Calls thee from the vale of tears:
From the desert where we roam
He will lead the wanderers home
Unto joys all joys transcending,
Unto peace that knows no ending.

Light me, O Thou Star uprising!
Jesus, all my glory be!
So will I, the shame despising,
Take my cross, and follow Thee.
Help me, with Thy Presence blest,
Till I gain the perfect Rest;
Till the grave's dark gate enfold me,
With Thy Word assure, uphold me!

Trusting in Thy love so tender,
I will bear the bitter strife;
Glad to Thee my soul surrender,
Death shall be the path of Life.
Thou Who openedst Paradise
To the dying sinner's eyes,
Jesus! Thou wilt never leave me,
But to Thy great Light receive me.

Cease, my soul, thy tribulation,
Banish all thy griefs and fears;
Christ, in Whom is thy Salvation,
Calls thee from the vale of tears:
Soon before Him shalt thou stand,
Where the Saints, a ransomed band,
At His feet their crowns are casting
In the glory everlasting.

379.

JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's tempestuous sea
Day by day His sweet Voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me!"

Jesus calls us, from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more!"

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, 'midst cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these!"

Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
Saviour! may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

380.

HOW long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me!
Deaf to His warning Voice I ran,
I would not hear nor see.

He called me when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill:
I passed from folly on to crime;
And yet He called me still.

He called me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view:
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

Yet could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

O Thou! That every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer,
O give me sickness, want or woe,
But snatch me from despair!

My struggling will by grace control!
Renew my broken vow!
What blessed light breaks on my soul?
My God! I hear Thee now!

381.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

382.

THOU, Who breakest every chain,
Thou, Who still art ever near,
Thou, with Whom disgrace and pain
Turn to joy and Heaven e'en here;
Look upon our bonds, and see
How doth all Creation groan
'Neath the yoke of vanity;
Make Thy full Redemption known!

Lord! we do not ask for rest
For the flesh, we only pray
Thou wouldst do as seems Thee best,
Ere yet comes our parting day.
But our spirit clings to Thee,
Will not, dare not, let Thee go,
Until Thou have set her free
From the bonds that cause her woe.

Draw us to Thy Cross, O Love!
Crucify with Thee whate'er
Cannot dwell with Thee above,
Lead us to those regions fair!
Courage! long the time may seem,
Yet His Day is coming fast;
We shall be like them that dream
When our Freedom dawns at last!

383.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye Sons of Light!
Zion's City is in sight:
There our endless Home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, the Everlasting Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

384.

FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better Home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And, every conflict o'er,
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing;
And love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

We soon shall join the throng,
And soon their pleasures share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the Ransomed there.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

385.

AND did the Son of God appear
A man of toil and suffering here?
Him let us then our Pattern make,
Who toiled and suffered for our sake.

Though holy, harmless, undefiled,
He learned obedience from a child;
Through youth, in grace and wisdom grew;
As man, the tempter's wiles o'erthrew.

Rebuke and scorn He meekly bore;
The more reviled, He loved the more:
Thus He delighted to fulfil
Love's law, His Heavenly Father's Will.

O'er land and sea, whate'er the cost,
He came to seek and save the lost;
For this He hungered, thirsted, sighed,
Watched, prayed, and laboured, lived and died.

Taught by His Spirit, thus may we
In all things like our Pattern be;
By His our words and actions frame,
And bear His Cross who bear His Name!

386.

O JOY, for those whose path is sent
Through busy scenes, to feel
How amongst sinners Jesus went
In meekness, love, and zeal!

Blest thought for every faithful heart,
That pure would still remain,
Yet do its firm but gentle part
Amid the bad and vain!

Good Lord! through this world's troubled way
Thy children's path secure;
And lead us onward, day by day,
Gentle, like Thee, and pure!

Be ours to do Thy work of love,
All erring souls to win;
Amid a sinful world to move,
Yet give no smile to sin!

387.

WHERE'ER have trod Thy sacred feet,
Teach us, O Lord! Thy steps to trace,
Where men in busy concourse meet,
Or in the lonely wilderness.

Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
With Thee to bear our cross each day,
With Thee to soar beyond the skies!

Where'er Thou art may we remain,
Where'er Thou goest may we go:
With Thee, O Lord! no grief is pain;
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

O may we in each holy tide,
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee,
Content if only by Thy side,
In life or death, we still may be!

388.

LORD! as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our Pattern be,
And form our souls for Heaven!

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee to do our Father's Will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done!"

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven!

389.

UPON the Holy Mount they stood
That wondrous awful night:
They saw, and knew that it was good
To see that Vision bright.

No Man of Sorrows stands there now;
But, keen as lightning flame,
The streams of Heavenly radiance flow
From that Transfigured Frame.

Beneath that Mount another scene
They saw, when morning smiled:
A father, torn with anguish keen,
Sought mercy for his child.

No more the blaze of glistering light
Enwraps the Form Divine,
But tender love and healing might
Around Him softly shine.

He came from hours of rapture high
To care for human woe:
So Angels from God's Presence fly
To succour men below.

O Jesu! be our life like Thine;
Blest labour, doubly blest
By communings with things Divine
Upon the mountain's crest!

Lord! we would pass from hours of prayer,
That lift our souls above,
To go where want and sorrow are
With lowly deeds of love.

Let no self-will within us lurk,
Nor faithless sloth be there;
But prayer give life to all our work,
And work crown all our prayer!

390.

"COME to a desert place apart,
"And rest a little while!"
So spake the Lord, when limbs and heart
Waxed faint and sick through toil.

High communings with God He sought;
But, where He sought them, found
The restless crowd together brought,
And labour's weary round.

Then not a thought to self was given,
Nor breathed He word of blame:
He fed their souls with bread from Heaven,
Then stayed their sinking frame.

Turned He, when that long task was done,
To sleep fatigue away?
When on the desert sank the sun,
The Saviour waked to pray.

O perfect Pattern from above!
So strengthen us, that ne'er
Prayer keep us back from works of love,
Nor works of love from prayer!

391.

JESU! when Thou once returnedst
From the Temple of the Lord,
Where His Holy Will Thou learnedst,
Gladly to Thy home restored,
Thou wast ready to fulfil,
As a Child, Thy parents' will;
Grace and sweet humility
Evermore were seen in Thee.

See us now, Thy flock, dispersing
From our School with joyous hearts;
Here, Thy lessons oft rehearsing,
Train us for life's busy parts:
Lord! at home or by the way,
Lonely, or in happy play,
Be our Pattern ne'er forgot;
Friend of boyhood, leave us not!

392.

JESU! Lord! we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy Name agree:
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease!

By Thy reconciling love
Every stumblingblock remove:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread Thy banner here!

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear;
To the world the pattern give,
Show how Christ's disciples live.

Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above;
On the wings of Angels fly,
Show how Christ's disciples die.

393.

THERE is a Friend, more tender, true,
  Than brother e'er can be;
Who, when all others fade from view,
  Remains, and will not flee:
Who, be their pathway bright or dim,
Deserts not those who turn to Him.

He is the Friend Who changeth not
  In sickness or in health;
Whether on earth our transient lot
  Be poverty or wealth;
In joy or grief, contempt or fame,
To all who seek Him still the same.

The heart by Christ sustained, though deep
  Its anguish, still can bear;
The heart He condescends to keep
  Shall never know despair:
In nature's weakness, sorrow's night
God is its Strength, its Joy, its Light!

394.

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen!
Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st us lean,
Help us throughout life's changing scene
To cling to Thee!

Blest with this fellowship Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, we'll not repine;
For, as the branches to the vine,
We cling to Thee!

Though far from home, way-worn, opprest,
Here we have found a place of rest;
As exiles still, yet not unblest,
We cling to Thee!

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove?
With patient uncomplaining love
We cling to Thee!

Though oft we seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy Voice of love in gentlest tone
Cries, "Cling to Me!"

Blest is our lot, whate'er befall;
No foes can harm, no fears appal,
Since as our Strength, our Rock, our all,
We cling to Thee!

395.

THOU, Whom chiefest I desire,
Jesus, Crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire;
I would seek it, Lord! in Thee.
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Makes the joy of saints below:
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Makes the bliss of Saints above.

Lord! it is not life to live,
If Thy Presence Thou deny:
Lord! if Thou Thy Presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose!
Only from Thy love it flows:
Peace and happiness are Thine;
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

396.

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord!
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our souls' chief Hope!
We to Thy Mercy fly:
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign:
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy Light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee:
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

397.

WONDROUS was Thy path on earth,
'Midst our human grief and mirth,
All our good, and all our ill,
Feeling, Lord! yet sinless still.

Thou wouldst oft vouchsafe to bless
Hours of earthly happiness;
When Thou cam'st Thy friend to save,
Thou couldst weep beside his grave.

Thy transforming influence still
Into good converts our ill,
Or from weak and worthless things
Holy joy and comfort brings.

O be with us, gracious Lord!
Near our bed, and at our board,
By our fireside's pleasant cheer,
When the winter nights are drear.

Through the livelong summer day,
When our hearts are blithe and gay,
From all taint of fleshly ill
Purify our gladness still!

So that, when new Heavens and earth
At Thy bidding shall have birth,
Purged from all our dross of sin
We may dwell with Thee therein!

398.

INCARNATE Word! Who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be
At Cana's poor festivity;

O when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour! may we think on Thee,
And, seated at the festal board,
In fancy's eye behold the Lord!

Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think, even now Thy searching gaze
Each secret of our soul surveys!

So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind!

399.

NAME of Jesus! Name of pleasure,
By the tongue unspeakable,
Name of sweetness passing measure,
To the ear delectable,
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
'Tis the Name of victory;
'Tis the Name for meditation
In the vale of misery;
'Tis the Name for veneration
By the Citizens on high.

'Tis the Name by right exalted
Over every other name;
This, when we are sore assaulted,
Puts our enemies to shame;
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Jesus! we, Thy Name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art,
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We with Angels may have part!

400.

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

Jesus! my Master, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

401.

Psalm lxxxvii.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, City of our God:
He Whose Word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With Salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Though the world esteem thee lowly,
Though they pass thy ramparts by,
Yet the Lord, Whose Name is Holy,
He Who fills Eternity,
He Whom not the Heaven containeth,
Not the high and holy place,
Still within thy walls remaineth,
Still upholds thee with His grace.

Heed not thou reproach and scorning,
Fear not threats or danger near!
Soon shall rise the blissful morning
When the Bridegroom shall appear:
Then, His light abiding in thee,
Who so glad, so blest as thou?
Happy they that dwell within thee,
They that love and own thee now!

402.

ONE Holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on furthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence, or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her Communion-Cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime!
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

403.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With Angels round the Throne!
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine!

Let all Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

404.

YE servants of God! your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful Name!
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His Presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing Salvation to Jesus our King.

"Salvation to God, Who sits on the Throne!"
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son.
Our Saviour's great praises the Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory, and power, all wisdom, and might,
All honour, and blessing, with Angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing for infinite love!

405.

WE love the place, O God!
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

It is the House of Prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord! art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love Thy Table, Lord!
O what on earth so dear?
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy Presence near.

We love the Word of Life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O! we long to know
The triumph-song of Heaven.

Lord Jesus! give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In Heaven to see Thy Face,
And with Thy Saints adore!

406.

Psalm lxxxiv.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe:
O! my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy Saints,
For the brightness of Thy Face,
For Thy fulness, God of Grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the deserts rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord! be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place!
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

407.

Psalm lxxxiv.

O GOD of Hosts! the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of Hosts! my King and God!
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display!

Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead!

Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Zion's Holy Mount
Before their God appear.

408.

Psalm lxxxiv.

HOW pleasant, Lord of Hosts! how dear
The tents of Thine abode!
My longing soul faints to be near
The courts of mine own God.

O blest, who dwell around Thy shrine,
With ever-growing praise;
Blest are the men whose strength is Thine,
Who bear in heart Thy ways:

Who, as they pass the vale of pain,
Make it a gushing rill;
Yea, blessings with th' autumnal rain
Come mantling, soft and still.

They will go on from strength to strength;
Each to the mighty God
In Sion they appear at length,
O'erpast their weary road.

Power of all armies, God our Lord,
My prayer in mercy crown!
Thou, Jacob's God! Thine ear afford,
O God, our Shield, look down!

409.

BEHOLD! the Mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Shall tower above the meaner hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:
"Ascend the hill of God," they say,
"And to His temple go!"

The beam that shines on Sion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King that reigns in Sion's towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares shall they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer host encountering host
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the useless helm on high,
And study war no more.

Come, then, O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine!

410.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

COME, Holy Spirit! from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart!
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart!

O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
O Thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes!

O Light Divine, all light excelling,
Fill with Thyself the inmost dwelling
Of souls sincere and lowly!
Without Thy pure Divinity
Nothing in all humanity,
Nothing is strong or holy.

Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruised reed;
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that guidance need!

Give to the good, who find in Thee
The Spirit's perfect liberty,
Thy sevenfold power and love;
Give virtue strength its crown to win,
Give struggling souls their rest from sin,
Give endless peace above!

411.

"LIFT up your hearts!" We lift them, Lord, to Thee;
Here, at Thy feet, none other may we see:
"Lift up your hearts!" E'en so, with one accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.

Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of Light, lift all our hearts to-day!

Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
O Lord of Truth, lift every Christian soul!

Above the storms that vex this lower state,
Pride, jealousy, and envy, rage, and hate,
And cold mistrust that holds e'en friends apart,
O Lord of Love, lift every brother's heart!

Lift us to Thee, each boy, each master here,
Our friends, our homes, and all we count most dear;
Learning, and wit, grace, vigour, childish glee,
Lift them, O Lord, and lift them all to Thee!

Lift every gift that Thou Thyself hast given;
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven:
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

O! if the hopes which thrill our hearts to-day
Foreshadow aught that shall not pass away,
And we may trust that all our days shall be
Bound each to each by natural piety,

Then, as the trumpet call, in after years,
"Lift up your hearts!" rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
"We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord!"

412.

ONWARD, holy champion!
Run the Christian race:
Leave the world behind thee,
Heavenward set thy face;
Fresh from cleansing water,
Bright with oil divine,
Strong with healthiest nurture,
Living Bread and Wine!

Onward, holy champion!
Lay all weight aside,
All enfeebling pleasure,
All encumbering pride:
Shun the subtle pitfalls
Framed by Satan's spite;
Let no smiles allure thee,
Let no frowns affright!

Onward, holy champion!
Angels beaming down
Watch thy brave endeavour,
Weave thy future crown.
Christ, thy mighty Saviour,
Helps thy striving soul,
And thy prize awaits thee
At the Heavenly goal!

413.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
All thy better portion trace!
Rise from transitory things
Heavenward to thy native place!
Higher still, and ever higher,
Let thy soaring flight aspire,
Toward the Perfectness Supreme,
Goal of Saints' and sages' dream!

As we climb that steep ascent,
May the goodness and the glory,
Which to cheer our path were lent,
Seem but fragments of the story
There to be unroll'd at length
In its fulness and its strength,
Not with words that fade and die,
In the Book of God Most High!

There may we rejoicing meet,
Loved and lost, our heart's best treasures;
Not without surprises sweet
Mount with them to loftier pleasures!
Though the earthly bond be gone,
Yet the spirits still are one,
One in love, and hope, and faith,
One in all that conquers death!

414.

MAKER of the human heart,
Scorn not Thou Thine own creation;
Onward guide its nobler part,
Train it for its high vocation:
From the long infected grain
Cleanse and purge each sinful stain;
Kindle with a kindred fire
Every good and great desire!

When in ruin and in gloom
Falls to dust our earthly mansion,
Give us ample verge and room
For the measureless expansion:
Clear our clouded mental sight
To endure Thy piercing light;
Open wide our narrow thought
To embrace Thee as we ought!

When the shadows melt away,
And the Eternal Day is breaking,
Judge Most Just, be Thou our stay
In that strange and solemn waking!
Thou, to Whom the heart sincere
Is Thy best of temples here,
May Thy Faithfulness and Love
Be our long last Home above!

415.

Psalm xlii.

AS the hart the brooks desireth,
So my spirit thirsts for Thee;
Lord! to Thee my soul aspireth,
In Thy blest abode to be.
Hope in God, my spirit, still!
God my lips with praise shall fill:
Fear not when the waves o'erflow thee;
He will loving-kindness show thee.

With the day He'll give His blessing;
Thou with evening bring thy song:
Whilst thou art thy God confessing,
He His mercies will prolong.
"Why hast Thou forgotten me?"
Nay, my soul, what grieveth thee?
Hope in God, and yet His praises
Sing, Who thee in sorrow raises.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Joy in grief, O God! Thou art;
Who Thy love, O God! inherit,
Rest on Thee in mind and heart.
Holy Father! love is Thine,
Ever healing, all Divine:
Jesu! Thine be adoration,
For Thy Spirit's consolation!

416.

GO up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.

Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifler here;
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere!

Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim;
Go up to Heaven and God,
Take up thy love to Him!

Waste not thy precious stores
On creature love below:
To God that wealth belongs,
On Him that wealth bestow!

Go up, reluctant heart,
Take up thy rest above;
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts,
Ascend, my lingering love!

417.

WHY doth the Saviour weep
At sight of Sion's bowers?
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,
Her gorgeous crown of towers?
Mark well His holy pains:
'Tis not in pride or scorn
That Israel's King with sorrow stains
His own triumphal morn.

"If thou hadst known, even thou,
"At least in this thy day,
"The message of thy peace! but now
"'Tis past for aye away:
"Now foes shall trench thee round,
"And lay thee even with earth,
"And dash Thy children to the ground,
"Thy glory and thy mirth."

And doth the Saviour weep
Over His people's sin,
Because we will not let Him keep
The souls He died to win?
Ye hearts that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made Him mourn!

418.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem!
Enthroned once on high,
Thou favoured home of God on earth,
Thou Heaven below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee.

O hadst thou known thy day of grace,
And flocked beneath the wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly,
Thine own Anointed King!
But now thy day is sunk in night,
Thy time of mercy spent;
For heavy was thy children's crime,
And strange its punishment.

O gaze not idly on their fall,
But, sinner, warned be!
Who spared not His chosen seed
May send His wrath on thee.
Their day of grace is sunk in night,
Thy noon is in its prime:
O turn, and seek thy Saviour's face,
In this accepted time!

419.

MAKE haste, my soul, to live!
Soon comes the hour to die:
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live.

Make haste, my soul, to do
Whatever must be done!
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away:
This is no time for thee to sleep;
Up, watch and work and pray!

The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies,
The silent toil that is not lost,
Set these before thine eyes.

Make haste, my soul, to live!
Thy time is almost o'er:
O sleep not, dream not, but arise!
The Judge is at the door!

420.

TEACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die,
Gently and silently to pass away;
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken to the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson, how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life:
Arm me for conflict now; fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife!

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully;
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live! my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load:
Only be with me, let me feel Thee near!
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live, with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold repulsive brow of gloom,
Waiting with cheerful patience, till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her Heavenly Home!

421.

WORK is sweet, for God has blest
Honest work with quiet rest,
Rest below, and rest above,
In the mansions of His love,
When the work of life is done,
When the battle's fought and won.

Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
Work, ye Christians, while ye may,
Work for all that's great and good,
Working for your daily food,
Working whilst the golden hours,
Health, and strength, and youth, are yours!

Working not your work for gold,
Work that can be bought and sold,
Not the work that worketh strife,
But the working of a life,
Careless both of good or ill
If ye can but do His Will!

Working ere the day is gone,
Working till your work is done,
Not as traffickers at marts,
But as fitteth honest hearts,
Working till your spirits rest
With the spirits of the Blest!

422.

WORK! for it is a noble thing,
With worthy ends in view,
To tread the path that God ordains,
With steadfast heart, and true,
That will not quail whate'er betide,
But bravely bear us through.

It recks not what the place may be
That we are called to fill,
How much there is of seeming good,
How much of seeming ill;
'Tis ours to lend the energies
And consecrate the will.

Work! and with cheerful earnest hearts,
Your bravest and your best;
For in a busy world like ours
There is no place of rest:
And think not they, who vainly dream
Their lives away, are blest.

For in each weary painful task
A lesson is inwrought,
If we would read the truth aright
And let ourselves be taught
Patience, and faith, and fortitude,
And fixedness of thought.

Work with the head and heart and hands,
And ever bear in mind
That there are sorrows here to soothe,
And spirits bruised to bind,
And cords of love in closer bond
Round human hearts to wind.

'Tis true the flesh will ofttimes fail
When life is dim and drear:
Then closer cling to Him Whose Voice
Can still each doubt and fear,
And shed on these dark hearts of ours
Heaven's sunshine calm and clear.

423.

WE ask for life, and mean thereby
A few uncertain years,
The sunshine of a changeful sky
Over a vale of tears.
But Thou art better than our prayers,
And givest, in Thy love,
A shorter path through earthly cares,
A longer rest above.

We ask for life, Thy work to do,
For Thee to toil and win,
To warn the many, save the few,
From sorrow and from sin.
In rolling years and fleeting breath
We think the boon must lie:
Thou teachest that a faithful death
Is highest victory.

424.

LORD! it is not for us to care
Whether we die or live:
To love and serve Thee is our share,
And this Thy grace will give.
If life be long, O make us glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

Christ leads us through no darker ways
Than He went through before;
Whoever for God's Kingdom prays
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord! when grace hath made us meet
Thy blessed Face to see;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be!

There shall we end our sad complaints,
Our weary sinful days,
And join with those triumphant Saints
Who sing Thine endless praise.
Our knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of Faith is dim:
Enough for us that Christ knows all,
And we shall be with Him!

425.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

Lord God of Truth and Grace!
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone!
Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

426.

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one—
Rest for evermore!

When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore!

When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy Day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray—
Light for evermore!

When our hearts, by sorrow tried,
Feel at length their throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried—
Joy for evermore!

When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn—
Love for evermore!

When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim his own,
Lord of Life! be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore!

427.

WE walk on earth, and to its ways
Our time and thoughts are given;
Yet, amid all its busiest days,
Our hearts may be in Heaven.
Nothing so lightens the dull load
Life's urgent claims impose
As close communion with our God;
It is our best repose.

When vexed with ills, which we despair
To baffle or control,
The lifting of the heart in prayer
Sheds sunshine on the soul.
When disappointed in the love
We leaned on too secure,
What joy it is to look above,
And feel, one Friend is sure!

Thus we in peace our souls possess,
Though all around be fear,
Full of the blessed consciousness
That Heaven is sure, and near.
We can bear any cross, or grief,
If, with their gloom, be given
This one sweet secret of relief,
To keep our thoughts in Heaven.

428.

FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of Light Divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, Thou art mine!

429.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant-lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While Angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the Eternal Throne,
For mourners intercedes.

O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

430.

"ASK, and ye surely shall receive;"
Yea, Lord! we trust Thy word:
We lift our voice, and we believe
That we are surely heard.

We ask not anything that earth
Can give or take away:
Thou, Who hast kept us from our birth,
Wilt guard us day by day.

We ask for light, and love, and strength
All selfish snares to shun:
We ask that we may ask at length,
"Thy Will, not ours, be done!"

We ask that to each separate heart
Of all our brethren here
Thy one best gift Thou wouldst impart,
The wisdom of Thy fear.

May young and old conspire to prize,
And labour to secure,
Whatever things are true, and wise,
Noble, and just, and pure.

O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

431.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee!

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

432.

O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from guilt set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the Blood
So freely shed for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My blest Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him Who dwells within!

A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

Thy Nature, gracious Lord! impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new best Name of Love!

433.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those that hate thee,
If any such there be:
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's Name.

But if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray;
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above
Shall reach His throne of Glory,
Of Mercy, Truth, and Love.

O! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness
His Love Who gave thee all!

434.

LORD! not for store of worldly wealth,
Nor worldly fame, we pray,
Nor worldly joys, which brightly bloom,
And quickly fade away.

Not to the world, nor to ourselves,
But to Thy holy Eyes
We look; O give us godly fear,
O make us meekly wise!

True Wisdom, while it gives, receives;
By scattering gets increase;
And all her ways are pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Honour and wealth are in her hand,
True glory she bestows;
A holy stream of life and joy
From her pure well-spring flows.

435.

MY God! my Father! while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy Will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy Will be done!

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine—
Thy Will be done!

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God! to Thee I leave the rest—
Thy Will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy Will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy Will be done!

436.

HOW blessed are the eyes that see,
Though wakeful anguish show,
The love that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go;
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

And blessed they that learn from Thee,
O Lord! though suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And peace too deep for speech,
Peace, that no pressure from without,
No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was Crucified:
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

My heart is fixed, O God! my Strength!
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care:
Deal with me for my Saviour's sake
According to His prayer!

437.

O SHAME upon thee, listless heart,
So sad a sigh to heave!
As if thy Saviour had no part
In thoughts that make thee grieve.

As if along His lonesome way
He had not borne for thee
Sad languors through the summer day,
Storms on the wintry sea.

No spring was His, no fairy gleam,
For He by trial knew
How cold and bare what mortals dream
To worlds where all is true.

Then grudge not thou the anguish keen
Which makes thee like thy Lord,
And learn to quit with eye serene
Thy youth's ideal hoard.

Thy treasured hopes and raptures high,
Unmurmuring let them go,
Nor grieve the bliss should quickly fly
Which Christ disdained to know.

Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon;
The pure calm hope be thine,
Which brightens, like the eastern moon,
As day's wild lights decline.

438.

ETERNAL God! we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly:
Thine Eye alone our wants can see,
Thy Hand alone supply.

Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear, all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let Thy grace supply:
The good, unasked, in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

439.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign Will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise!

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee!

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy Presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end!

440.

HOPE, Christian soul! in every stage
Of this thine earthly pilgrimage
Let Heavenly joy thy thoughts engage:
Abound in hope!

Hope! though thy lot be want and woe,
Though hate's rude storms against thee blow;
Thy Saviour's lot was such below:
Abound in hope!

Hope! for to all who meekly bear
His Cross, He gives His Crown to wear;
Abasement here is glory there:
Abound in hope!

Hope! though thy dear ones round thee die;
Behold with faith's illumined eye
Their deathless Home beyond the sky:
Abound in hope!

Hope! for upon that happy shore
Sorrow and sighing will be o'er,
And saints shall meet to part no more:
Abound in hope!

Hope! through the watches of the night;
Hope! till the morrow bring thee light;
Hope! till thy faith be lost in sight:
Abound in hope!

441.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power!
What though your courage sometimes faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's Saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer! your cause belongs
To Him Who can avenge your wrongs;
Then leave it to your Lord!
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and His Word.

As true as God's own Word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail:
A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain! now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy Saints and Martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen!

442.

"WE'VE no abiding city here;"
Sad truth, were this to be our home!
But let this thought our spirit cheer,
We seek a City yet to come.

"We've no abiding city here;"
Then let us live as pilgrims do:
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

"We've no abiding city here;"
We seek a City out of sight;
Zion its name, the Lord is there.
It shines with Everlasting Light.

Zion! Jehovah is her strength,
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

O blest abode of Peace and Love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had we the pinions of the dove,
We'd fly to thee and be at rest!

443.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where Saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This Heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore!

444.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day!

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplext,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next!

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With them in highest Heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and Heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

445.

LORD! we thank Thee for the pleasure
That our happy lifetime gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives;
Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its Home above,
Human tears, and human laughter,
And the depth of human love:

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free;
Even for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee:
But, above all other kindness,
Thine unutterable Love,
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
Sent Thy dear Son from above.

Teach us so our days to number
That we may be early wise;
Dreamy mist, or cloud of slumber
Never dull our Heavenward eyes!
Hearty be our work, and willing,
As to Thee, and not to men!
For we know our soul's fulfilling
Is in Heaven—not till then.

446.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Long our Island throne has stood,
Planted on the Ocean flood;
Crowned with rock, and girt with sea,
Home and refuge of the free:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

On that Island throne have sate
Alfred's goodness, Edward's state;
Princely strength and Queenly grace,
Lengthened line of Royal race:
Round that throne have stood of old
Seers and Statesmen, firm and bold;
Burghley's wisdom, Hampden's fire,
Chatham's force in son and sire.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Him, in homely English tongue,
Epic lay and lyric song,
Shakespeare's myriad-minded verse,
Milton's heavenward strains, rehearse:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Soldiers tried in every clime,
Sailors famous through all time—
Hands of iron, hearts of oak,
Fresh from their Creator's stroke—
These His gifts for aye endure,
Ever faithful ever sure.

Science, with her thousand eyes,
Sunless mine and starlit skies
Probes and pierces far and near,
Man's estate to guide and cheer:
Hither, in our heathen night,
Came of yore the Gospel light;
By the Saviour's Sacred Story
"Angles" turned to Angels' glory.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Rustic churchyard, lordly pile,
Studious cloister, crowded aisle,
Lady-Chapel, gorgeous shrine,
All proclaim with voice divine
That Thy mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Breaking with a gracious hand
Ancient error's subtle band;
Opening wide the Sacred Page,
Kindling hope in saint and sage:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Give us homes serene and pure,
Settled freedom, laws secure;
Truthful lips and minds sincere,
Faith and love that cast out fear:
Grant that Light and Life divine
Long on England's shores may shine;
Grant that People, Church, and Throne
May in all good deeds be one!

447.

PRAISE to the Lord! the Almighty, the King of Creation!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near,
Join me in glad adoration!

Praise to the Lord! Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord! Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee!

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again!
Gladly for aye we adore Him!

448.

NOW let us loudly
Praise God, the Merciful!
Christendom proudly
Tells of His glorious rule:
Gently He bids us come before Him;
Haste then, ye peoples, and now adore Him!

For the Lord reigneth
Over the Universe;
All He sustaineth,
All things His praise rehearse;
The Host of Angels round Him dwelling,
Psalter and harp of His praise are telling.

Richly He feeds us,
Always and everywhere;
Gently He leads us
With a true Father's care:
The late and early rains He sends us;
Daily His blessing, His love attends us.

Sing we His praises
Who is thus merciful!
Christendom raises
Songs to His glorious rule:
Rejoice! no foe shall now alarm us;
He will protect us, and who can harm us?

449.

Psalm cxxvi.

WHEN the Lord recalls the banished,
Frees the captives all at last,
Every sorrow will have vanished
Like a dream when night is past:
Then shall all our hearts rejoice,
And, with glad resounding voice,
We shall praise the Lord Who sought us
For the freedom He hath wrought us.

Lift Thy hand to aid us, Father!
Look on us who widely roam,
And Thy scattered children gather
In their longed-for promised home:
Steep and weary is the way,
Shorten Thou the sultry day!
Faithful warriors hast Thou found us,
Let Thy Peace for aye surround us!

In that Peace we reap in gladness
What was sown in tearful showers;
There the fruit of all our sadness
Ripens, there the palm is ours;
There our God upon His throne
Is our full Reward alone:
They who all for God surrender
Bring their sheaves in heavenly splendour.

450.

IN Thee is gladness
Amid all sadness,
Jesus, Sunshine of my heart!
Our souls Thou wakest,
Our bonds Thou breakest;
Who trusts Thee surely hath built securely,
He stands for ever: Hallelujah!
By Thee are given the gifts of Heaven,
Thou the true Redeemer art!
Our hearts are pining to see Thy shining,
Dying or living to Thee are cleaving;
Nought can us sever: Hallelujah!

If He is ours,
We fear no powers,
Nor of earth, nor sin, nor death;
He sees and blesses
In worst distresses;
He can change them with a breath!
Wherefore the story tell of His Glory
With heart and voices; all Heaven rejoices
In Him for ever: Hallelujah!
We shout for gladness, triumph o'er sadness,
Love Thee and praise Thee, and still shall raise Thee
Glad hymns for ever: Hallelujah!

451.

O GOD! our Father far above,
We praise Thy Name for all the love
Thou in Thy Son dost give us;
In Him are we made one with Thee,
Our Brother and our Friend is He;
Should aught affright or grieve us?
He is Greatest, Best, and Highest,
Ever nighest
To the weakest;
Fear no foes, if Him thou seekest!

O praise to Him Who came to save,
Who conquer'd death and burst the grave!
Each day new praise resoundeth
To Him the Lamb Who once was slain,
The Friend Whom none shall trust in vain,
Whose grace for aye aboundeth!
Sing, ye Heavens! Tell the story
Of His Glory,
Till His praises
Flood with light earth's darkest places!

Thou here our Comfort, there our Crown,
Thou King of Heaven! Who camest down
To dwell as man beside us,
Our heart doth praise Thee o'er and o'er;
If Thou art mine, I ask no more,
Be wealth or fame denied me;
Thee we follow; none who proves Thee,
None who loves Thee,
Finds Thee fail him;
Lord of Life, Thy powers avail him!

452.

SONGS of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new Heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious Kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Now in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

453.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven!
To His feet thy tribute bring:
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the Everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Angels in the height, adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face:
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of Grace!

454.

PRAISE the Lord! ye Heavens adore Him,
Praise Him, Angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light!
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty Voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance He has made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His Saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our Salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim!
Heaven and earth and all Creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!

455.

Ὁ σπείρων τὸ καλὸν σπέρμα ἐστὶν
Ο ΥΙΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΥ
Ο δὲ ἀγρός ἐστιν ὁ κόσμος.
S. Matt. xiii.

O GOD! by Whom the seed is given,
By Whom the harvest blest;
Whose Word, like Manna showered from Heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

Though buried deep, or thinly strown,
Do Thou Thy Grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky!

ΘΕΟΥ γεώργιόν ἐστε.
Οὔτε ὁ φυτεύων ἐστίν τι
οὔτε ὁ ποτίζων
ἀλλ' ὁ αὐξάνων
ΘΕΟΣ.
1 *Ep. S. Pauli ad Cor.* iii.

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Lord! shall Thy children come to Thee!	*Bishop Hinds*	258
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O God! Thou faithful God	*Catherine Winkworth, from J. Heerman*	333
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O Saviour, bless us ere we go	*F. W. Faber*	26
O Saviour, is Thy promise fled?	*Bishop Heber*	82
O Saviour! may we never rest	*W. H. Bathurst*	374
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O Thou, Who didst at Pentecost	*Bishop Wordsworth*	222
O Thou, Who makest souls to shine	*Bishop Armstrong*	265
O Thou, Whom neither time nor space	*Bishop Heber*	214
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O what, if we are Christ's	*Sir H. W. Baker*	248
O where shall rest be found	*J. Montgomery*	425
O Wisdom! Whose unfading power	*Bishop Heber*	314
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Put thou thy trust in God	*J. Wesley*	340

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Ride on ! ride on in majesty!	*Dean Milman*.....	152
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.	*Dean Stanley*.....	413
Rock of Ages! cleft for me	*A. M. Toplady*	147
Round the Lord in glory seated	*Bishop Mant*.....	208
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise	*J. Ellerton*	46
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.	*J. Edmeston.*	21
Saviour! upon Thy glorious throne...	*Unknown*	300
Saviour! we lift our trembling eyes...	*Unknown*	360
Saviour! when in dust to Thee	*Sir Robert Grant*.....	138
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Soldiers of the Cross, arise!	*Bishop How*.....	266
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Sons of men, behold from far	*C. Wesley*.....	105
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Sovereign Ruler of the skies!	*J. Ryland*.....	317
Spirit of God, that moved of old	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	195
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love ...	*Unknown*.....	203
Spirit of might and sweetness too! ...	*J. Keble*	262
Spirit of Truth! on this Thy Day ...	*Bishop Heber*.....	201
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Sweet is the work, our God and King	*I. Watts*	40
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The God of Love my Shepherd is ...	*G. Herbert*	347
The happy morn is come!.....	*T. Haweis*	180
The King of Love my Shepherd is ...	*Sir Henry W. Baker*	348
The Lord ascendeth up on high	*Unknown*	186
The Lord is come! On Syrian soil ...	*Dean Stanley*	89
The Lord my pasture shall prepare...	*J. Addison*	346
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The Lord will come! the earth shall quake	*Bishop Heber*	88
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The strife is o'er, the battle done ...	*F. Pott, from a Latin Hymn of 12th century*	175
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Through all the changing scenes of life	*Tate and Brady*	334
Through the day Thy love has spared us	*Thomas Kelly*	23
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	*H. Bonar*	319
"Till He come" O let the words	*E. H. Bickersteth*	62
To God alone the song we raise	*T. E. Brown, from N. von Hofe*	341
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Upon the Holy Mount they stood	*Unknown*	389
Up to the throne of God is borne	*W. Wordsworth*	11
Veni, sancte Spiritus	*Robert, King of France*	198
Wake! awake! for night is flying	*Catherine Winkworth, from Nicolai*	77
We all believe in One true God	*Catherine Winkworth, from Clausnitzer*	211
We ask for life, and mean thereby	*J. S. B. Monsell*	423
We love the place, O God!	*Dean Bullock, and Sir H. W. Baker*	405
We saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread	*J. H. Gurney*	191

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Weary of earth, and laden with my sin	*S. J. Stone*	365
What thanks and praise to Thee we owe	*Bishop Maclagan*	236
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When brothers part for manhood's race	*J. Keble*	218
When Christ came down on earth of old	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	66
When Christ, the Lord, would come on earth	*Dean Alford*	225
When gathering clouds around I view	*Sir Robert Grant*	149
When God of old came down from Heaven	*J. Keble*	202
When I survey the wondrous Cross	*Isaac Watts*	164
When our heads are bowed with woe	*Dean Milman*	148
When the day of toil is done	*J. Ellerton*	426
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Where high the heavenly temple stands	*J. Logan & M. Bruce*	189
Where shall we find our mightiest Saint	*H. M. Butler*	220
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	*Tate and Brady*	90
Who are these arrayed in white	*Unknown*	240
Who are these, like Stars appearing	*Frances Elizabeth Cox, from H. T. Schenck.*	241
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Wondrous was Thy path on earth	*Unknown*	397

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Word Supreme, before Creation	*J. Keble*	100
Work! for it is a noble thing	*Unknown*	422
Work is sweet, for God has blest	*G. Thring*	421
Ye boundless realms of joy	*Tate and Brady*	115
Ye servants of God! your Master proclaim	*C. Wesley*	404

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